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THE PROGRESS OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY. An Address of Dr. Isaac I. Hayes before The American Geographical and Statistical Society, New York, 12 Nov., 1868.

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SMOKE IN WINTER.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day,
Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed
As its half-awakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumbering, and sluggish
thoughts

Have not yet swept into the onward current Of the new day;—and now it streams afar, The while the chopper goes with step direct, The mind intent to wield the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his ros,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
And, while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous
wreath,

Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill, And warmed the pinions of the early bird; And now, perchance, high in the crispy air, Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's

edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

THOREAU.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

Mine eyes were stiffened with the last night's tears,

And my brow ached too heavily to weep, Opprest with sorrow past and future fears, Too weary to awake—too sad to sleep.

With listless hand I drew away the blind
To look where lay the morning dull and grey;
I heard no whisper of the cold night wind,
I saw no gleam to chase the gloom away.

Spread like a morning veil on every hill Hung cheerless mist, through which the dark dawn crept;

The rain-drops on the trees lay cold and still, Like tears of one who in his sleep hath wept.

Sadly I turned and laid me down again
Till sorrow's leaden trance my sense did steal,
As those who lulled by very strength of pain
Forget their pain awhile and cease to feel.

So passed the hours away, and I awoke;
But while I slept the world had travelled
on—

The damp mist rolled away, the morning broke, And, pouring radiance forth, uprose the sun.

The purple hills were tinged with living light,
The grass was waving in the morning breeze,
Like sparkling gems the rain-drops of the night
In rainbow showers were glittering from the
trees.

Then my heart melted too, and the deep gloom Passed like the dreary morning mist away; The sun shone warm and bright into my room, And I rose up from my dull trance to pray.

O God, most merciful! 'tis ever so:
While thankless man feels but the present pain,
And lies steeped in the weariness of woe,
Thy step is drawing near to heal again.

Then teach us, Lord, to bow beneath the rod, Even for the chastisement to love the more; To trust the mercy of the loving God, And in the very blow His hand adore.

So shall we walk through our life's chequer'd day,
Safe from its noontide heat, its evening blight,
Till the last hour of gloom shall pass away,
And leave us to awake in endless light.
Good Words.

ROBESPIERRE has come unexpectedly before the world as a poet. The following pretty lines in his handwriting have been found among the papers of a deceased old lawyer of Toulouse. The Messager du Sud-Ouest, of Agen, inserts them, through favour of a friend:—

A DEUX époques de la vie L'homme prononce, en bégayant, Deux mots dont la douce harmonie A je ne sais quoi de touchant : L'un est Maman, et l'autre J'aime; L'un est créé par un enfant, Et l'autre arrive de lui-même Du cœur aux lévres d'un amant. Quand le premier se fait entendre, Soudain une mère y répond. La jeune fille devient tendre Quand son cœur entend le second. Ah, jeune Lise, prends bien garde; Le mot J'aime est plein de douceur, Et souvent tel qui le hasarde N'en connut jamais la valeur. Il faut une prudence extrême Pour bien distinguer un amant. Celui qui mieux dit "Je vous aime!" Est plus souvent celui qui ment; Qui ne sent rien parle à merveille. Crains un amant rempli d'esprit. C'est ton cœur, et non ton oreille, Qui doit entendre ce qu'il dit. MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE. From The Contemporary Review.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

An old country like England, proud of her ancient families, long in pedigree, has naturally abundant treasure of historic por-The English, indeed, have been, from time immemorial, a portrait-loving people, the characters they revere in memory they desire still to look upon in person; and it seems to matter little, though the art be bad, provided the likeness remain good. At Kensington most of us have had the rare advantage, during three successive years, of gazing along a vista of historic portraits, stretching across five centuries. There is scarcely an event, whether it be the overthrow of an old dynasty, the founding of a new science, or the writing of a great poem, that has not been made patent " The through the portraits collected. National Portraits" exhibited at Kensington in 1866, 1867, and 1868, numbered 2,841 works; the "Portrait Miniatures on loan" in 1865 were 3,081. Thus, within the last four years, have been collected 5,922 pictures. No country destitute of a history could make such a show; indeed, it may be questioned whether there has ever been a kingdom either in ancient or modern times which could summon from the tomb so many of its subjects.

Portrait-painting began with kings before it descended to the level of commoners. The art of sculpture, as usual, was first in the field, as seen in carved figures of our kings and queens, not only on the tombs of Westminster Abbey, but upon the west fronts of the Cathedrals of Lichfield, Lincoln, and Exeter. Yet, in these early days, loyalty was content to get from painting or sculpture merely a suggestive effigy — certainly some of the oldest works exhibited at Kensington, such as pictures bearing the names of William Wallace or Edward III .. have no claim to be accounted authentic likenesses. However, when we come down to the second half of the fourteenth century, at least one trustworthy work is encountered in the contemporary portrait of Richard II. That art was then sufficiently advanced in Italy, at all events, to hazard a portrait we know by well-accredited heads of Cimabue, Giotto, Dante, and Petrarch. This life-size times.

likeness of Richard II., "throned in royal robes, wearing jewelled crown," with a "globe in the right hand and a sceptre in the left," formerly hung in Westminster Abbey, above the Lord Chancellor's pew. The work was in the Manchester "Art Treasures," and has since appeared twice at Kensington: first, under the disguise of daubed restorations, and then, for a second time, with face washed and drapery clean. Mr. Scharf published an elaborate paper in elucidation of the work and the vicissitudes it has undergone, in the Fine Arts Quarterly Review. The painting, as it now stands, is in quality noway inferior to the contemporary products of the school of Giotto: there is no more notable picture of king or commoner in the country.

The Kings of England, from the reign of Henry VII., downwards, are known, beyond doubt, by their portraits. Henry VII. has appeared in six pictures at Kensington; and the burly face and ponderous person of "bluff King Hal" were reproduced sixteen times. Evidence of identity, however, is painfully conflicting when we come to the heads of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey. A comparison of the reputed but contradictory portraits of these two characters, of whom the public are ever naturally eager to learn more, does not enable us to reduce conjectured authenticity to certitude. No such perplexity touches the identity of the royal sisters Elizabeth and Mary. Portraits by Holbein, Antonio More, and Streete, enable us to read, as in minute and unflattering biographies, the thoughts and motives of two queens whom to have seen was not to love. We shall, in the sequel, observe on the pictorial phases of other monarchs, from Charles I., adorned by Vandyke, to George IV., caricatured by Wilkie.

The survey we propose will be best made on a historic basis. Thus portrait-painting in England may naturally be distributed in chronological sequence, as follows: the eras of Holbein and of Antonio More, the period of Vandyke, the school of Van Somer and Honthorst, the epoch of Lely and Kneller, the rise of a native school under Reynolds and Gainsborough, and, lastly, the aspect of the art in our own times.

Holbein, who was born, 1495, and died, 1543. This is rather late, as may be judged from the fact that our National Gallery contains a portrait by Van Eyck, which bears as its date the year 1433, also a head of Masaccio by himself, which could not have been painted later than 1429. It was not till 1526 that Holbein came to England. These dates at once illustrate the historic truth that arts born in the fertile soil of the South were long in taking root in our cold northern clime. It is strange and unfortunate that the National Gallery does not contain a single work by Holbein. All the more interest, then, did the painter's sixtythree reputed portraits excite when exhibited at Kensington - an interest which became further intensified by the discussion which ensued on the publication of Mr. Wornum's critical and elaborate "Life of Holbein." The question was at once raised, how many of these sixty-three portraits could, with authority, be ascribed to the master at all. The recent discovery of Holbein's Will cut away, at one blow, eleven years of the painter's life, and "reduced," says Mr. Wornum, "the number of genuine known Holbeins in this country to very few." In accordance with this exterminating dictum, Mr. Wornum struck out from sixty-three portraits some forty or forty-five as spurious! We have to observe however, that Holbein was hard at work in England for a period of seventeen years. The "very few" works, then, which our greatest authority is willing to ascribe to the court painter of Henry VIII., will, in all probability, on still further investigation, have to be considerably augmented. The celebrated Windsor drawings of the Court of Henry VIII., upwards of sixty in number, can scarcely be impugned.

To Holbein's faithful and unflattering pencil we owe one of the most interesting portrait pictures in the world, "The House-'hold of Sir Thomas More." Holbein had come to England with a letter of introduction from his friend Erasmus, addressed to the Chancellor, then living at Chelsea. Holbein brought with him a portrait, still extant, of his friend Erasmus in testimony of his skill.

Portrait-painting in England dates from artist." In return for this portrait Holbein carried back the pen-and-ink sketch, still in the gallery at Basle, of that most impressive composition, "The Family of Sir Thomas More." The replica at Kensington was by an inferior hand. The Chancellor, it is well known, received guests of a high order. Erasmus himself had been a visitor at Chelsea; King Harry, too, was accustomed to look in upon the family in a free and friendly way while this famous picture was on the easel. The King, pleased with the work, gave the painter an apartment in his palace, with a stipend of £30 a year. In the history of art we meet with few more interesting incidents; seldom, indeed, is a picture encircled with more thrilling associations. Well had it been for the King and his painter had they cherished the high tone of mind which fellowship with More and Erasmus favoured. King and court painter alike went to the bad; indulgence told sadly on Henry VIII., as later portraits of the English Caligula indicate. Wordsworth, with his usual rectitude of moral sense, when in the presence of the monarch's grotesque effigy, wrote these severely descriptive lines: -

> "The imperial stature, the colossal stride, Are yet before me; yet do I behold The broad full visage, chest of ample mould, The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride.''

"Mid the surrounding worthies, haughty king, We rather think, with grateful mind sedate, How Providence educeth, from the spring Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good, Which neither force shall check nor time abate."

Holbein had few scruples and little conscience; the wives and other court followers of his royal patron he painted with a moral indifference truly artistic; he fell into debt, and when the plague came and carried him off, two illegitimate children remained to be provided for. There is, indeed, a painful discrepancy between the life of the painter and his art. When we look upon the portraits of More and Erasmus; of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury; of Sir William Butt, the King's "Your painter, my dear physician; of Lady Butt, and Sir Henry Erasmus," writes More, "is an admirable Guildford, we seem as in the presence of a cuse which many painters plead of fervent and unruly imagination. His genius did not blaze into wild fire; such light as was in him smouldered in ashes; the truth he uttered was literal and hard. His portraits are brief and prosaic as a parish register, they just record name, age, pedigree, and no more; they are without circumlocution, colouring of passion, or flower of rhetoric. No fancy plays across the brow, no fire kindles within the eye, no wit curls the lip, no gust of emotion inflates the nostril. The heads are absolutely monumental for immobility; they stir not a feature, they speak not a word. Holbein was a plain, plodding German; his office was to record facts simply as he found them; his art had nothing of the largeness, breadth, and generalization common to Italian schools. Yet his portraits, after their kind, remain unsurpassed; if they are not in utterance eloquent or ardent, they certainly declare nothing in violation of truth; within their limits his pictures are right and just. Perhaps it may be said that they are deficient in transparency of paint as in translucency of soul; that the skin is as parchment, without blood in the veins or life in the tissues; that the spirit lies in ambush, concealed behind the outer mask. Such, indeed, is the painter's manner - a manner, perhaps, better suited to our ancestors than to our contemporaries, to mediævalism than to modern times. Yet these portraits certainly have permanence in paint and panel, and as chroniclers of the period, the pages of history are not more trustworthy.

The portraits of Antonio More stand in style as a transition between the prosaic German or Flemish school and the large, imaginative manner of the Italian; they occupy a position midway between Van Eyck and Holbein on the one side, and Titian and Moroni on the other. More, having obtained favour of Charles V., was sent to England to paint Queen Mary; the result is seen in a portrait of rare beauty and excellence at Kensington. That More was the first portrait painter of his time, that his talents and opportunities won for him a ments; the eye still may rest with affection handsome fortune, no one can wonder who on the forms which in life were loved and had the pleasure of making acquaintance honoured. Yet it must be confessed that

painter, honest, truthseeking, and signal with the fifteen examples of his style at for rectitude. Holbein was without the ex- Kensington. Some of these works might be spurious, others had suffered as a matter of course from time, or, what is worse, from the restorer's hand. But really genuine pictures by More, such as those of Queen Mary, Walter Devereux, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Thomas Gresham, every painter will approach as master-works. The art of portrait painting may here be studied at a pitch little short of perfection. In Gresham we recognise the artist's vigour and fling of execution; in Queen Elizabeth as Princess, a conscientious, truthful, unadorned style of manipulation solid yet transparent; in Devereux, Earl of Essex, firmness of hand, precision of drawing, round, bold modelling; in Queen Mary, like firmness, precision, detail, with more of life and humanity than other painters have known how to infuse into features, the symbols of narrow intellect, and of will or conscience consolidated into obstinacy and bigotry. Antonio More never lost his way in a face, a cross purpose never throws the features into confusion; he read a character in its consistency, even when that consistency might involve the features in contradiction. A clear, searching intellect is implied in the portraiture of More. Emotional, however, his pictures are not, though his colour has gained ardour by contact with the passion of the South. Imagination as yet is not permitted to play across the canvas; fancy does not obtain out-look over tree or field; not even the conventionality of a column, a balcony, or a curtain disturbs the erect stature of figures which emulate the senatorial dignity of Titian. Yet whatever may have been the shortcomings of Antonio More, it may well be questioned whether the whole of Europe in the present day can show so great a portrait painter.

In the history of England there has never been lack of painters of some sort, more or less competent to throw the leading characters of the times upon canvas. It is indeed a comfort when we consider that few of the noble men whose names we fondly cherish are lost to us wholly in their outward lineanio More in the reign of Mary, and the arrival of Vandyke in the time of Charles I., was rather badly off for portrait painters. The age indeed seems to have inclined to miniatures rather than to life-size oils; Hilliard and his pupil, Isaac Oliver, worked much and well in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. But whatever might be petite, small, and delicate in the miniatures of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries found reaction with a vengeance in the large, gawky, and ungainly figures of Mark Garrard, Cornelius Jansen, Van Somer, and Gerard Honthorst. A man who in those days found himself swelling into historic celebrity might scarcely know how decently to transmit his face to posterity. The niches of history were now decorated with barbers' blocks; figures, wooden, stolid, yet stalwart, stand out from blackened canvases in solemn state. There may be nothing to violate decorun, and equally no-thing which can emulate life or speech. Still it cannot be denied that the painters just enumerated are in their best works worthy of the fame usually accorded them. For example, by Mark Garrard, "The Countess of Bedford and Child," is more than respectable; "William Cavendish," by Jansen, has force of features and beauty of lace collar; "James I." and "Queen Anne of Denmark" have merit not far short of the works of Lawrence; lastly, by Hont-horst, were portraits of the King and Queen of Bohemia, rarely surpassed for splendour, power, and finish. Notwithstanding, however, such brilliant exceptions, this period, as a whole, was poor in portraiture. We borrowed artists from the Continent, as we had been accustomed to import our kings, and a portrait painter was deemed as useful an appendage to a court as a dwarf, a jester, or an undertaker. Such was the condition of foreign art when imported; as for the native commodity, it still remained in the sixteenth century on a level with the product of the stone-mason and of the village carpenter.

Portrait-painting was in England once more raised to the dignity of an art by Vandyke, whom Reynolds deemed "all things considered, the first of portrait paint-Yet this judgment we cannot but think a little too favourable. Titian is usually held chief of the profession. Reynolds himself pronounced the great Venetian unapproachable for a certain senatorial dignity. Velasquez too was second to pallid shadow of care. That Vandyke's none in broad, strong, trenchant delinea- studio had never been in a garret, that his tion of character; Raphael also, by subtle genius was not starved, or on a mere pit-supersensuous readings of the mind through tance of bread and salt sustained, may be

the period which intervened between Anto- | the face, showed intuitions which pertain to sensitive and highly-wrought organizations; Rubens, on the other hand, was qualified by a magnificent physique to make the animal strength of man triumphant; while Rembrandt, belonging to yet a different order of mortals, saw in face and figure susprise of light, mystery of shadow, and rugged picturesque outline. Now when we look at the portraits of Vandyke, of which no less than seventy have been seen at Kensington, we are ready, "all things considered," as Reynolds would say, to allow that, in their specific style, they are unsurpassed. The head which in the National Gallery bears the name of "Gervartius," is justly held second to none in the whole world, and certainly at Kensington, scarcely inferior, were such portraits as -

> "William, Earl of Craven," "Thomas, Lord of Arundel," "Charles I.," "The Family of Charles I.," "Charles II.," "James II. and Princess Mary," severally belonging to her Majesty; "Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.,"
> "Sir Kenelm Digby and Family," "Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke," "James Stanley, Earl of Derby," "William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle," "Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, Countess and Child," "George Digby, Earl of Bedford," and "Thomas Carew and Sir William Killigrew."

Vandyke certainly did well for his royal patron; the portraits he painted of Charles I. are the most favourable frontispieces that could be put to an infirm character; they serve as apologies for weakness, as encomiums on virtue: moreover drooping lines, nerveless hands, and shadowed cast of melancholy prognosticate pending doom. Never was a portrait painter better fitted to his master: even between the face of the artist and of his royal sitter is consanguinity; Vandyke was accustomed to throw the type of his own features into his portraits generally; and the mannerism he contracted of moody melancholy, sickly sentiment, and affected grace even to the tips of tapering and pendant fingers, became elevated into a beau ideal in the portraits of Charles.

Some of the portraits above enumerated belong to the time when Vandyke, to borrow an expression of Reynolds, supposed the sun to be shining inside his studio, so golden and glowing are they: others show a later manner, when the artist painted by the light of common day, or threw over his sitters the pale cast of thought, the

throws around his figures. It is a significant fact that the greatest portrait painters have lived like princes, and that thus they have met their sitters on equal terms. Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, showed themselves magnificent fellows, accustomed to live sumptuously. And to this rule Vandyke was no exception. He had a country-house in Kent: he lived in great state when in town; and we are told that "he always went magnificently dressed, had a numerous, gallant equipage, and kept so good a table in his apartment, that few princes were more visited or better served." Yet his portraits are not betrayed into unseemly pomp or swagger; there is nothing loud or pretentious in the tone and bearing of his figures; his sitters comport themselves quietly, and have the unconscious ways of well-bred gentlefolk. That Vandyke could pass beyond the superficial grace and the outward decorum of the drawing-room, and enter on the prerogatives of noble humanity - that beneath his draperies is to be found a heart, and within bag-wigs an intellect, many of his portraits prove; few painters have managed to indicate with greater delicacy "the clear obscure" of a calm and liquid eye, to catch the fugitive rose as it faded on the cheek, to arrest the curve and the ripple of a passing smile across the features, to detain an evanescent thought ere it fled, to seize action in its motion, attitude in its grace and point, the whole man as he lived and had his being. The touch of the painter was firm yet free, the colour warm yet toned down by tender grey; the whole handling had a breadth suggestive of detail, a sweep which could give in summary the entirety of the subject, however large. While looking at these matchless products, it is impossible to agree with those who would assign to portraiture a subordinate position. These figures are, in fact, something more than portraits, they are perfect in point of art. The lines are studiously balanced, the spaces nicely apportioned, the whole work in composition, drawing, light, shade, and colour, is wrought Vandyke, to the pitch of a fancy picture. in short, adorned whatever he touched, and, like Reynolds, brought to portraiture a manner learnt in a higher sphere.

The Commonwealth brings into portrait galleries a wholly different order of heads. The great rebellion was not only a sub-

well understood by the bearing of high versed. The men whose faces now tell birth, the air of luxury and ease which he from the canvas with unwonted force, have evidently little or nothing in common with the ancient families of long descent who have lined the walls of picture corridors for centuries. The Commonwealth brought into portraiture "nature's aristocracy, men self-made by merit, stout of sinew to wield the sword, strong of will to govern an empire; but it was not illustrious in art as in arms. Yet this interregnum intervening between two Stuart kings seems to have had the honour of restoring banished conscience to portrait galleries! Some of the men of these times might, in fact, have deemed themselves too good to hold communion with an art which had been servant to Satan. These saints of the earth, whose heritage was sure in the kingdom of heaven, condemned all that appealed to sense, and to them was not given the insight of those saints of old who saw in art the symbol of spiritual beauty. Nonconformist portraits, as a matter of fact, whatever be the cause, are, with few exceptions, the very worst which find an entrance into picture galleries. Of Milton and Cromwell, however, exist inimitable miniatures. Cooper indeed, as an artist, might have been expressly created for the Commonwealth, even as courtly Vandyke seems to have been ordained to dance attendance as a carpet-knight in the palace of a Stuart. Robert Walker, too, known as "Cromwell's painter," who possessed himself a grand, manly head, quite in keeping with the large brains of the Commonwealth, had a style simple, truthful, and vigorous. Thus, after all, the interregnum, which, as we have seen, was an interlude in art, did manage to produce some few respectable portraits.

Sir Peter Lely has been within the last three years seen in Kensington by seventyfour pictures. These naturally include the chief men and women of the times. We will enumerate some of the portraits which, in point of art, best deserve remembrance: -

"Henrietta," called "La Belle Henriette," youngest daughter of Charles I., seated in a landscape as Minerva: "Drs. Dolben, Allesby, and Fell," a very exceptional picture for Lely; dark, severe, without colour or ostentation, these heads are quiet, learned, pious : "Sir George Carteret," a magnificent picture for style, management, colour, and power of effect: "James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews," a version of the established mode of government, but seemed, as it were, to work a change in the pre-established form and order of nature! The type of head is re
Bishop of London; "Six Ministry, when he chose, could be grey and quiet: also "George Saville, Marquis of Halifax;" "Humphrey Henchman, order of nature! The type of head is re-

ple." "Algernon Sidney" is inferior; in art have," said the king, "promised Pepys my this portrait ranks as a second-rate Vandyke; picture, and I will finish my sitting;" the the hands and the figure are little else than a parody on that master.

Lely's female portraits are in strange and painful contrast with the best of the above pictures, wherein the artist put forth his power. Lely, to judge from his works, was a complete lady's man, at least in the lower sense of the phrase. His portraits pander to fashion, they are perfect as triumphs of the milliner's art, showy, meretricious, flaunting; his women wear even, when decently dressed, a doubtful reputation -Nell Guynne, the Fornarina of South Kensington galleries, serves as the type of the tribe. Yet, that the artist had within him appreciation of a pure and noble nature may be judged by a commendable portrait of good Mrs. Claypole, the favourite daughter of Cromwell. But Lely's genius finds more consonant theme in heads such as those of "Eleanor, Lady Byron," and "Charles II." The former, if meretricious, is magnificent; strong in drawing, rich in colour. In the portrait of Charles, the drapery assumes truly imperial proportions, and the general display, if inclining to fustian, is not wholly contemptible. The manner which found favour in these profligate times may be judged by two large compositions, ostentatious rather than in good taste, seen not long since in the Royal Academy, the one the "Ante-chamber of Charles II.," by E. M. Ward, R. A.; the other, the "Last Sunday of Charles II.," by W. P. Frith, R. A. But in order that no doubt might remain as to the quality and motive of Lely's art, the painter kindly left to posterity a portrait of himself - a fat, jolly fellow, more than a match for Peter Paul Rubens in wrestling or fencing. The face at once supplies any needed comment on the painter's pictures. Indeed an artist's face usually tells what he will paint; his own type and expression are generally transfused over the features of his sitters. Faces generally have been made for and by the times, and the leading painters of an epoch are for the most part in mind and person representative men. Lely, and his portraits of the reign of Charles II., are thus indicative and suggestive.

Sir Godfrey Kneller ranks well as a physical force painter; he was powerful as

portrait was completed, and the dynasty made its exit. At Kensington might be seen in stiff stateliness the wooden effigies of James II., William III., George I., and George H. The genius indeed of Kneller was essentially Georgian, his pictures seem painted, as the satires of Thackeray were written, to cast ridicule on the stolidity of the earliest importations into England of the House of Hanover. Yet so unconscious does an age remain of the low estate into which its art may have sunk, that we find Kneller esteemed by his contemporaries as at least the equal of Raphael and Titian. Dryden, whose heavy, sensual head fell un-der the painter's slashing brush, thus writes: -

" Such are thy pictures, Kneller, such thy skill, That Nature seems obedient to thy will-Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought; Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought."

Kneller certainly may be deemed fortunate in his sitters; what was most paintable in the talent of the time presented itself before his easel. Thus deficiency in art finds some recompense in nobility of head, and even a small intellect gains magnitude and weight when crowned by a bulky bag-wig. We owe to Kneller portraits, if petrified, at all events powerful, of men who must in their day have created a sensation wherever they were seen. Among the number were Sir Isaac Newton, Dryden, Pope, Steele, Addison, Congreve, and Sir John Vanbrugh. Kneller however had no insight into mental subtleties; a face was to him a mask, a figure a handsome façade, a wig a woolsack, drapery a tailor's construction. Sir Godfrey could square a head out boldly and broadly, in stone-mason fashion; he could cover bodily anatomies with buckram; some artists have made flesh wax, Kneller could be satisfied with nothing but leather. He certainly was no colourist, and there never has been, and never can be a truly great portrait painter without col-His tones incline to buffs, browns, and dusky yellows; his complexions are seedy, shadowed and begrimed with dirt, such as was engrained on genius of a later day in the high garrets of Grub Street. Yet Kneller at his best knew how to put a he was prolific; his pictures at Kensington figure upon canvas with knock-down numbered ninety-one; and he actually lived force; he could crown a head with a brow and worked through six reigns, and painted firm and broad as an entablature, he could the persons of at least four sovereigns. inflate a nostril with passion, he could James II. was sitting to Kueller when news curve the lip of ready wit, or plant a poncame of the landing of William. "I derous mouth weighty with wisdom. His

pencil was accustomed at a single stroke to | as with quip and quirk, still he stuck to the create a feature; one morning's work al- maxim that "comedy should in painting, as most sufficed to turn out the whole man, life-size, and at all points complete. Kneller, like Lely, has helped us to interpret his style through his portrait. The head is showy, and bears up with swagger, yet has the features of nobility, especially the nose—that infallible index of character: while looking at this head we cannot but feel that Kneller was destined for a higher art than he ever reached.

A change for the better now came upon the fortunes of our English school. With Lely and Kneller happily departed a race of foreigners who had long maintained monopoly in the land. William Hogarth was born, and brought us back to nature. During the present and past year this truly English artist has been seen at Kensington by thirty-nine portraits, of which the best worth

remembering are -

"George Hooper, Bishop of Bath and Wells," a masterly work: "Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton," more than commonly brilliant, transparent in flesh painting, and refined: "Lord Lovat," deservedly celebrated; character here seized by a broad caricaturist; execution sketchy, hasty, almost slovenly: "Miss Rich," supremely artistic; touch firm, fluent, playful; colour exquisite for purity, transparency, harmony; this, in express art-quality, is the master's choicest product: "Thomas Western, of Rivenhall, and Family;" here the painter passes from individual portraits to concerted compositions, and accordingly finds opportunity for animated action and the play of inimitable humour: "William Hogarth," by himself; this, the famous picture in the National Gallery, is further known through the parody used as the frontispiece to Punch: "Sarah Malcolm," sketchy, and, consequently, transparent in colour : "Captain Coram," from the Foundling Hospital, taken for all in all, the best portrait Hogarth ever painted; here every touch, each line and detail has a portraiture in it, all is true to the very life : " David Garrick, as Richard III.," can be accounted little better than a parody, vulgar and repulsive, mere stage rant; the execution of this picture is as coarse as its conception.

Hogarth, it must be confessed, let down his sitters, took from them dignity, and made them play the part of comedians on the world's stage. "Comedy," says Hogarth, "should in painting as in writing, be allotted the first place." Accordingly, the artist was ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of a joke, - he walked through life to gain occasion for laughter, even his portraits, pointed as with a censor's and a satirist's pen, provoke a smile, and when he

in writing, be allotted the first place." Leeds may be seen, indeed, Hogarth's own portrait taken by himself, in the very act of "Painting the Comic Muse;" so true is it, we repeat, that a man's face, whether comic or tragic, serves as a key to his style. Hogarth professed to tread in a path half-way " between the sublime and the grotesque; he was the Hudibras of the painter's art. "His line," says Walpole, lay "between the Italians, whom we may consider as epic poets or tragedians, and the Flemish painters, who are as writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature." For technical qualities and soundness of material, Hogarth's portraits are superior to the works by which they were preceded and followed. While the pictures of Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds fade, blacken, and become discoloured, the portraits of Hogarth remain comparatively intact: in manipulation, in fact, they have merits found in no other artist. Left often in the rough, they always bear traits of genius, native and untaught.

The second and third Exhibitions at Kensington were refreshing in the pledge given of a vital native school. The reign of George III. is eminently a portrait-painting era. More portraits were then produced than in any prior period. Moreover, seldom in the history of our country have been crowded into half a century so many men, who, by service to the commonwealth, won the right of passing from the seclusion of private mansions into the honoured notoriety of public picture galleries. When a statesman acquires historic position, even his features are taken possession of as national property. It had been the privilege of a Leo to be painted by Raphael, of Vittoria Colonna to be drawn by Michael Angelo, of Charles V. to be invested in the colours of Titian, and now it became scarcely less noteworthy in the chronicles of art, that graceless George III. and good Queen Charlotte had the fortune to sit at

the easel of Reynolds.

Into the solemn assize just held of the illustrious dead, Reynolds entered with 187 works, some whereof Titian would have greeted with enthusiasm. Take, for instance, the two large pictures, each containing seven members of the Dilettanti Society - works which, for harmony of colour, for depth in the half tones, for subdued shadowed lustre, and even for technical handling, might have proceeded from the studio of Giorgione, Palma, Bonifazio, or even of Titian himself. It bedashed off his own strange features, twisted comes, indeed, evident at a glance that

painter, in fact, was put upon his mettle. resources gathered in his Italian tours. Look at the transparent shadows, the where strength and brilliance were needed, over and painted into till the whole mass melted into colour - liquid, translucent, and impalpable as light itself. Thus, after the manner of Venetians, are cool and warm tones contrasted yet reduced to concord, opaque and transparent pigments brought together as body and spirit, to make of man one substance and mind. These pictures, marvels in their way, seem to reconcile contradictions; they are at once dodgy and downright, tricky yet guileless, sketchy and suggestive, yet complete. Probably English portraiture never went further; yet we are bound to confess that the result falls somewhat short of the standard of the old masters. Titian would have preserved the likeness, and yet have given greater elevation. Vandyke would have infused into the treatment more of "style." Raphael would have gained more direct in-look and out-look of soul. Rabens, of course, would have triumphed in redundant form and colour; while Velasquez would have weighted each man as a war-horse; would have reconciled repose with motion; would have brought upon canvas, not a semblance of life, but nature herself. In other words, Reynolds never painted a portrait quite equal to "La Bella" of Titian, the so-called "Gevartius" of Vandyke, the "Leo X." of Raphael, "Las Meninas," and other works by Velasquez, or certain portraits by Rubens in the galleries of Florence, &c. Yet, on the other hand, was our English Titian saved from the extremes into which his rivals fell. For balance, moderation, propriety, for a certain eclectic compilation of excellencies found scattered among many masters, the portraits of Reynolds are unapproached.

Reynolds was made by nature a courtier, which all fashionable portrait painters should be. He approached his sitters in the mental attitude of adulation; he was all things to all men; he could share in the foibles of ladies, treat tenderly their frail-

these rare works must have been painted | fashionable portrait painter and a successin direct emulation of lustrous Venetian ful physician alike depend on manners. masters. Sir William Hamilton and Sir Joseph Banks here take, it will be observed, their seats at the table. The painter, in fact, was put upon his mettle. The his life, considerably above two thousand Hence Sir Joshua called to his aid the pictures; and left behind him a goodly fortune of £80,000. As for his art, he had at command as many styles as sitters might be loaded lights; pigments in the places in waiting. His several manners admit of ready analysis. The first broad division is laid on in bodily relief, and then glazed between male portraits on one hand, and female portraits on the other; at Kensington we marked something like a dozen of each not less than superlative in art-quality. Other distinctive differences in style are obvious. Thus, we have seen that for the Dilettanti · Society Reynolds deemed the manner of the Italian Cinque-cento or Renaissance most appropriate. Another marked class, represented by Mansfield, Thurlow, Lifford, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Sir John Cust, Speaker of the House of Commons, is studiously stately and senatorial, - gravely judicial, as if the weight of law and the ponderous volume of constitutional history lay heavily on learned brows. "It is impossible for any one to be so wise as Thurlow looks." The portrait of this renowned Chancellor has power and command, manliness and individuality; the trappings of office are made subservient to pictorial purposes. Draperies with Reynolds were never merely decorative - they assumed a meaning; they were made to fall into place; they assert no more than their due. An artist less studious of relative keeping in a composition might, in a portrait such as that of Lifford, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, have lost himself in costume; Reynolds, on the contrary, used robes but as seemly foils to humanity. A management no less consummate is seen in that magnificent portrait of Mansfield, seated in scarlet and ermine robes. Reynolds was not to be frightened by reds; when, as here, he had to encounter hot colour, he sought not the balance of negatives or neutrals, but absolutely outbid what was bright by tones still brighter. Look how fearlessly does the painter lay on his pigments! as if he thought thereby to add opulence to his work. His hand played and toyed with his subject; his pencil was swift in its sweep, yet his clenching touch could be direct and keen as a sabre thrust. The artist, too, had a happy knack of knowing just where to leave off, what to keep slight, sketchy, and suggestive; thus ties, and even make their weaknesses appear as pretty graces upon canvas. A our are seldom lost in over-elaboration. spirit in execution and transparency of colThese portraits of senators and judges are ous composition, which, at Kensington, as

Reynolds owed his mental culture and his literary skill in no small degree to the brilliant company he kept. Yet we cannot say that in return he treated his intellectual friends to the best of his art. The literary profession had hardly in his day risen to the import of a "fourth estate;" at all events, Reynolds, a Whig in name, but a courtier by nature, reserved the riches of his palette for members of the aristocracy. His associates and his equals, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Johnson, were painted plainly, as with off-hand, familiar pencil, that cared not to palliate an error or disguise a weakness. Johnson was not well pleased thus to be brought down to the level of his own humanity. When the Doctor saw his portrait, he exclaimed, "Reynolds may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but he shall not make me blink-ing Sam." Yet at Kensington were heads such as those of "Baretti," tutor in the Thrale family, and "Bartolozzi," the engraver, which could not be accounted worse for the truth-speaking treatment deemed by the painter most consonant with the commoners of the land. Admirable, if not inimitable, are these two portraits for firmness in form, for individuality in character, for decision in handling, and for delicious concords evoked from simple greys, greens, and browns. Reynolds treated grandees, who lived sumptuously, with the glittering gold of Venice; on the other hand, artists, literary men, and others, who sat like Lazarus at the gate of Dives, were clothed in sombre sackcloth, after the manner of Rembrandt and Dutch masters.

Reynold's most witching manner was reserved for ladies and the children who sported round their mothers' knees. At least twelve such pictures we have marked in the Kensington catalogues, as supreme for beauty, grace, and delicacy. Specially may we mention two compositions, - the one, "The daughters of Earl Waldegrave," exquisite for grace, fancy, delicacy, sense of beauty and refined art-treatment; the other, "Lady Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie," seated in a garden, under a tree; a portrait-picture charming for play of fancy, delicious in colour, tone, light and shade. The greys here are pearly, the yellows and browns golden, the reds as of ruby shining from a shady place, the blues cool as the morning when breaking into day. This supreme art of female portraiture obtained its triumph in "The Duchess of Devonshire and her infant Child;" a truly glori- day, is brilliant, though overdone in attitude

not surpassed for easy dignity and quiet ten years prior in Manchester, created absolute furor, at least among the very few who kindle into enthusiasm at all in the presence of a picture, simply artistic, and nothing more. Reynolds here bursts into unwonted rapture, the composition lives in movement, the lines are boldly varied yet justly balanced, and between figures and background is preserved a perfect correspondence of tone and colour.

Reynolds, by contact with high and imaginative schools, redeemed portraiture from dull conventionality and stupid routine. He sought ever for some plea to pass into a picture of fancy. His portraits of Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien are more than portraits. "The Fortune-teller" is "Mrs. Sheridan, in ardent as Titian. character of St. Cecilia," has grace and upgazing wonder in common with Guido. This apotheosis of portraiture soars to a summit in the allegorical figure of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Many of the painter's pictures at Kensington had greater delicacy in tone, more tenderness in greys, more of the blush of the rose, and of the purity of the lily, but none was its equal as a conception — as a flash of thought across the field of imagination.

Reynolds, however, let us remember, was a portrait painter, and little more. genius extended thus far and no further. Such ambitious compositions as "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort" at Petworth scarcely escape pitiable failure. Mr. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," expresses the opinion that this artist - the pride of our English school - has been overrated. By some critics, undoubtedly, but hardly by those of the present generation. The portraits of Reynolds assuredly

can scarcely be overrated.

"Reynolds and Romney divide the town," said Lord Thurlow, "I am of the Romney faction." "Certain it is," writes Northcote, "that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion." The style of Romney was indeed well-calculated to allure the eye by its grace, its witching beauty, its romantic sentiment, and its showy, not to say meretricious colour. "His figures," writes his firm friend, Flaxman, "resembled the antique; the limbs were elegant and finely formed, his drapery was well understood." Romney has been represented at Kensington by some thirty-six portraits - good, bad, and indifferent. Supremely good after their kind are five. That of Mrs. Inchbald, the actress, a famous beauty in her

grace; the melody in the lines is a reminiscence from the classic. "Mrs. Trench," mother of the Archbishop of Dublin, is a head by which Romney may be highly esteemed; the artist has done justice to a face rare for refinement, and to features exquisitely chiseled; the whole character is rendered with subtle grace and moving The exhibition just closed melancholy. also contained two Romneys, which should never be forgotten: - "The Countess of Mansfield" is a lady of modern modes, posed, as it were, on an ancient Greek vase; subtle is the sense of balance, symmetry, and beauty; the drapery is cast into folds as melodious as lines of classical statuary. Few works pertain so expressly to the romantic, ideal, yet voluptuous school of portrait painting. Again, in another lovely composition, "The Countess of Warwick and her Children," this romanticist revels in beauty and in colour, aims at generic form, and aspires to ideal grace beyond the reach of common life. Specially in this composition will be remembered the loveliness and the beseeching upward gaze of the little girl - a figure as near to the simplicity of nature as it was permitted to Romney to approach; as free from affectation as the artist, in his mannerism, thought compatible with the exigencies of picturemaking. It is sad to reflect how far Romney in his life fell beneath the ideal standard of his art; it is melancholy to see how, in his works, the syren face of Lady Hamilton haunted him in his overthrow; how his mind thus became alien to truth; how his days grew averse to labour; and how thus, in the end even, his art was brought to seek seductive show, to sell its favours to giddy fashion, and to betray the public taste by merest mannerism of pretty tricks. Rom-ney's art lacks the stamina which answers to the standard of moral rectitude. It sought the fleeting, and not the enduring. "Present time and future time," says Reynolds, "may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

We pass from Romney to Gainsborough - the child of nature, simple, true, and honest. His seventy-eight portraits exhibited at Kensington have, if possible, raised his fame higher than before. In our catalogues are marks of utmost commendation against twenty-five of these pictures - a high average of nearly one in every three exhibited. Our limits do not permit us to

and abrupt contrast between rosy complexion and grey accessories. "Countess For- of Benjamin Franklin. That of Mrs. Gainstescue and her Sister," if weak, has Grecian borough has seldom been surpassed for brilliance: character beams from the canvas with the lucidity of life; light and intelligence look out from liquid and calmly observant eyes; the colour is pure, the whole work has the vigour, health, and flush of nature. In execution it is ready and rapid as a sketch; the artist at once shows his power of drawing, and his indifference to detail—the nostril, for example, stands for all time an impossibility in anatomy. We turn to the portrait of Franklin, re-markable in art as in physiognomy. This work seems to have cost the painter more than usual pains; in parts it may be sketchy and thin, but nowhere does the artist venture to play at random with so grand a head. Gainsborough's execution, indeed, was often far from the best; it seemed, to use a simile suggested by Reynolds, as the language of a man having much to say worthy of a hearing, but who had not acquired the art of precise and expressive diction. Gainsborough's natural gifts were certainly in excess of his opportunities; he was in great degree a self-made painter; foreign travel had never given extent to his vision, or range and variety to his treatment. To the last his pencil failed of becoming an apt or accurate instrument to the expression of form; the strokes of his brush were often purposeless hap-hazard scratches. He slashed in a head as a drawing-master would knock in a foreground of stones, grass, and weeds: his wigs were of vegetative growth; they seemed as if transplanted from a neighbouring market-garden. Still, it must be admitted that Gainsborough's pictures are built up, and seem to grow together like a creation in nature; they never fall discordantly apart. On the contrary, head, hands, figure, drapery, landscape, and other background accessories are brought into keeping as the outgrowth of one mind. This survey of seventy-eight works makes us love the artist and the man all the more. Gainsborough was reconciled with Reynolds on his deathbed, and the impression, says the President, in his well-known discourse, "left by this last interview upon my mind was that the painter's regret at losing life was principally the regret of leaving his art."

Portrait painting has never recovered the death of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; though Raeburn, a contemporary prolonged, at least for Scotland, the reign of a manner vigorous and manly. Rae-burn's own head, painted by himself, reconenter into details. We select only two ciles the strong contrasts of Rembrandt

with the deep concords of Venice — a prob- | high, not high art falsely so called. lem in the art of portrait painting which hope the time may not be distant when por-Reynolds strove to solve. Scotland has, from the earliest times, sought with something more than indifferent success to sustain a school of portrait painting distinct from among many of an art universal and all-that of England. On the death of Raeburn, embracing. The Royal Academy has con-Wilkie was appointed limner to the King, and with what credit Sir David acquitted himself in his post may be judged by a coarsely pretentious portrait of "the First Gentleman in Europe," " in Highland costume, full length, and of heroic size." The painter of "The Penny Wedding," when he distended himself to "heroic" dimensions, scarcely escaped ridicule. Upon Sir Watson Gordon subsequently devolved the duty of painting the celebrities of Edinburgh. On the whole, Scotland, for the last half-century, has been more fortunate than England in her portrait painters.

Reynolds raved to the last about Michael Angelo; yet, with a worldly wisdom which seldom forsook him, he left to others the practice of the grand style. High art in England has never financially risen above starvation level; not even in portraiture could the blanket school, in costume of Roman senator, pay its way. Yet Fuseli, Barry, Northcote, Opie, West, Haydon, are known to have occasionally deviated into nature, and portraits they condescended to paint, provided only they were permitted to cast a toga over the shoulder of a friend, to robe a man, however homely, in trappings of high art, to throw a historic gait into the walk of everyday life, and to cast the shadow of tragedy over the world at tist excels Lawrence in the beauty of a felarge. It is melancholy to see how portraits by these men, thus pretentious, serve but to mark the decadence of the day. Fuseli clothed his sitters in fustian; Barry in buckram; Northcote brutalised the head he would make sublime; Opie spoilt nature by leaving out her delicacy; West in painting a figure, mistook his sitter for one of the Twelve Apostles, or for the Roman matron "Agrippina," bearing the ashes of Germanicus; while Haydon, in portraits as in ambitious compositions, refused to go to nature, because he expected nature to go to Thus the school of portrait painting addicted to high art has ever come to grief; and the more is the pity, because portraiture is all the better for the elevation high art can impart.

Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Vandyke, Rubens, even Reynolds, all brought into portrait painting the largeness of treatment, the intellectual insight, and the dignity which pertain to art in her stately sphere.

trait painting shall rise above narrowness and exclusiveness, when it may become part of a greater whole, one manifestation tained pictures by Millais, Wells, and others, which promise to the portraiture of

the future wide artistic range. Little more requires to be added in order to bring the history of portrait painting down to the very day in which we live. Sir Thomas Lawrence has been represented by eighty-four portraits, which by turns displayed his merits and defects. Several have enjoyed no slight popularity in their time, such as those of Queen Caroline and Princess Charlotte, Sir Samuel Romilly, Arthur Wellesley, Viscount Castlereagh, Sir Humphrey Davy, Master Lambton, Tom Moore, Earl Grey, Marquis of Lansdowne, &c. We have, however, failed to find at Kensington the famed portraits of Pius VII. and of Cardinal Gonsalvi, in the Waterloo Gallery, Windsor. The meretricious mannerism, the chalky crudeness, the pink brilliancy of this too popular painter, have be-come proverbial; a portrait by Lawrence of George IV. in the Vatican were sufficient to hold the English school up to ridicule in the face of Europe. Nevertheless, Lawrence possessed redeeming points. Few painters could fashion an eye with more precision, or give to a mouth or a nostril nicer curve. John Burnet, in his "Hints on Portrait Painting," declares that no armale eye, in the delicate variety of its outline, in the lustrous brilliancy of the high light in contact with the dark pupil, in the finish of form, the modulation of chiaroscuro, the trembling thread of fluid hanging on the under eyelid. Burnet winds up this discriminative criticism by the remark that the only fault that can possibly be found is that the eye thus robs the other features of their due place and importance, that it

scarcely keeps its situation within the orbit. Of the five Presidents of the Royal Academy, Eastlake alone was unrepresented in these portrait galleries, save by his own head, painted by another hand. Sir Martin Shee and Sir Francis Grant, of course, shine with a certain pale light—the rush-light of genius. The present President light of genius. holds his own in these galleries, as a star of about second or third magnitude. Yet his portraits of Macaulay and of Chancellor Wilde are studious in modelling and pronounced in character beyond the paint-But the art thus to enneble must be truly er's wont. Other portrait painters of our clusively to our own times for balance of comparative criticism. Still we may say that deliverance is already obtained from the time of inanity and bathos, when royalty was reduced to Winterhalter and Hayter. Sir Watson Gordon stands out honestly and true in contrast with such pretence. The head of Professor Wilson by this painter is, as a study of character, grand; yet was Gordon prosaic, he had little artistic resource or versatility - white for head and hands, and black for all besides, was his invariable receipt for a portrait. His pictures have no out-look, no vision over nature, no opening upon space, Within his no reach of horizon or sky. limits, however, Gordon was manly, vigorous, and true. We may also mention for exceptional merit the crayons of Richmond; wondrous in play of hand; incomparable for taste, dexterity, and insight of character. We may likewise quote portraits by Watts, which, if ruddy and crude in excess of colour, open to the school of the future vistas of Venetian harmony. On the whole, portrait painting has at this moment brighter promise than at any period

since the death of Reynolds. Did space permit, it were interesting to scan carefully the portraits of men marked by genius, to consider how far and in what way shining talents declare themselves in the features. We confess to have been a little disappointed in the result of the survey we have taken. When we have considered that these galleries contain the heads of well-nigh all the men illustrous in the land, it has seemed to us not a little surprising that talent did not make itself more conspicuous on the surface of the canvas. To account for this anomaly is not altogether easy. Something, no doubt, is to be laid to the charge of the insufficiency of art; certain portraits are notoriously inadequate. Thus it may be questioned, for example, whether any existing picture does justice to either the face or the genius of Shakspeare. Again, something may be said the changing panorama of the mind: while the volume of an author's collected works is a fair epitome of the varying thought of half a century - a lucid history of an intellect in its moods of wit or melancholy, in its growth and maturity - a portrait, on the contrary, can but glance at a character for an instant of time. Hence the likeness placed opposite to the title-page of a book often brings to a reader some slight discon-

day are known too well, or belong too ex- we may be permitted the expression - an occasionally strange want of correspondence between mind and face. Thus thoughts which gain brilliant utterance in words, seem clouded and eclipsed when they would shine on the surface of the outward form: or, to change the metaphor, this contradiction between inward character and outward features is like unto the lack of sequence found in certain palladian buildings of Italy: within may be a church, symmetric in form, glowing in harmony of colour; while without rises a façade, which is but a mask and a sham, left, perchance, by the architect unfinished - a fragment and a wreck. Such is many a face which great characters have been doomed to wear through life, in disguise of their better selves.

> Yet after making much allowance for anomalies above indicated, we incline to think that, on the whole, these portrait galleries have tended to confirm the belief that genius does shine in the face, and that even, through wide induction, might be gained a sound basis to the science of physiognomy. A cursory glance over our notes in the Kensington catalogues at once brings out prominently some forty heads wherein may be read as in the pages of an open book, the deeds and the thoughts that made the owners of these heads illustrious. There are certain brains which by size, certain features which by breadth and power, bespeak sure intellectual command. Among the heads which in portrait galleries stand out with more than accustomed force and mental capacity are Sir Thomas More, Shakspeare, Milton, Cromwell, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, Izaak Walton, Jeremy Bentham, and Professor Wilson.

To be persuaded of what worth may lie in a brain, a person need but pass from the portraits of the Protector to those of hereditary kings. The grand, capacious head of Cromwell is no less a study and an enigma than his character. Professor Wilson's magnificent portrait it is not easy to pass without remark: the head admits of several on the inability of any painting to unfold interpretations; it is almost to massive for the light literature wherewith it is identified.

The explanation of any apparent discrepancy seems to lie in the presence of a masterful physique, in the union of a bold intellect and vagrant fancy with a framework worthy of a wrestler or a prizefighter. The faces of Cowper and of Keble — the one shadowed in melancholy, the other placid as an evening sky without a cloud - are severally sensitive as a poet's fancy is wont tent. A word, too, may be added con-cerning a certain breakdown in nature, if play of passing thought, which breaks over

and then again settles into a calm, which mirrors nature's placid beauty. Cowper's face, timid and shrinking from observation, is curiously like to his own tame hare - the most timorous and tender of creatures. In looking at this portrait we recall lines written on the receipt of "My Mother's Picture; "—" the meek intelligence of those dear eyes;" "O that those lips had Holbein, Antonio More, Vandyke, Reylanguage." Likewise Wordsworth's face serves as a title-page or table of contents to his works - reflective, simple-minded, prosaic, slow. Patient and resigned is that pensive and pendent head, which plaintively seems to murmur, in reproof, "Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit," &c. We pass on, and encounter the light artillery of Tom Moore, fired at a volley from his sarcastic lip; and many other phases of the poetic mind we mark, in visible type, upon these walls: Campbell, whose features sparkle as his lines scintillate; Byron, scarcely Byronic, save in the collar; and poor Shelley, who looks out from the canvas more like a spirit than a mortal clothed in flesh, shrinking from contact with the rude world as his own "Sensitive Plant.'

The genius of woman, too, it is interesting to scan upon these walls. The notion that women have no distinctive character, but are all alike, is here at once refuted; witness the contrast between the portraits of Nell Gwynne or Nelly O'Brien and the head of Mary Wollstonecraft! How reverence for female worth grows as we gaze on faces such as those of Mrs. Hallam, mother of the historian, Mrs. Trench, mother of the Archbishop of Dublin, Mrs. Delany, Hannah More, and Elizabeth Fry! The foregoing speculations on the physiognomy of portraiture might admit of greater exacti-tude and further extension. Such inquiries can still, though under some disadvantage, be prosecuted with the aid of the all but complete series of photographs published from these portrait galleries.

A few general remarks on portrait painting as an art may bring our paper to a con-clusion. We have already intimated that English kings, lords, and commons seldom honoured Titian, Velasquez, Raphael, or even Rubens and Rembrandt, with sittings! Hence our portrait galleries fall somewhat below the standards of continental collections. Still, the student will have found at Kensington works of highest order, whence he may deduce, if he choose, the whole philosophy of his art. He will have seen that a portrait is something more than a map, something of deeper significance

the surface into ripples and sparkling lights, than a piece of tapestry or furniture; he will learn, in short, how a portrait may become better than a dry catalogue of characteristics; how it may be made a full epitome of life; and thus rising to the import of a biography, a history, or a drama, gain the regard of the artist, the antiquary, and the physiognomist. Students in these galleries nolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, &c., acquired mastery over the human countenance, so that, in the end, they could use the features as symbols of character, as visible language for the expression of invisible

thought.

In the Kensington galleries it is instructive to note how these several artists have made acquaintance with the geography of the human countenance, how they have, as it were, mapped out the kingdom of mind, and determined, as on a chart, how the features shall stand in the great commonwealth of human character. Painters have, according to their predilections, done honour to each feature in turn - the forehead, the nose, and the chin, the eyes, and the mouth have severally been recognised as independent members, exercising vital functions in the mental economy. Some artists, it will be observed, such as Holbein, are strong in what may be termed the hard anatomies of the face; the forehead, the eyesocket, the cheek-bone are by them pronounced with firmness, while over the remaining features presides fixity of purpose, and even the mouth is immobile to emotion. Other artists there are, of an opposite bent, who have not so much admiration for the stern command of a forehead as loving sympathy for the liquid softness of an eye and the moving tenderness of a mouth. is curious to observe bow painters of the North, born to hard nature, are prone to paint hard anatomies; and how artists who have lived under smiling suns are even in the portrait of a face tender and passionate. In our portrait galleries we feel at once persuaded that Vandyke and Reynolds must have formed their styles in Italy; their portraits are emotional as the South; their flesh tissues are soft in true Italian morbidezza; the mouths they draw, whether closed, parted, speaking, or curved as Cupid's bow, are mobile and emotional; the eyes they paint are liquid, and translucent as jewels, shining as stars in appointed orbits, or floating in ether. On the whole, we think that to this emotional school of portraiture has been committed the empire of the mind.

Again, in these galleries, it is interesting

artists have disposed of a whole-length figure, have managed a composition when complex, and treated in light and shade, play of line and colour, a picture as a whole. In the early rise of portraiture a "full length," no less than a "full face," presented difficulties not to be overcome. Indeed some artists even down to our own days, Lawrence for example, seem never to have learnt how, in a becoming manner, to dispose of legs and arms upon canvas. When a figure is reduced to a last dilemma, painters have been accustomed to throw in a classic column, or a conventional curtain, by way of support. Indeed artists not a few, who may have mastered heads and hands, find full-length figures wholly unmanageable. Sir Watson Gordon, for example. did not show one standing figure that could have passed muster on parade. Reynolds had barely sufficient academic training to surmount the difficulties involved. Vandyke, perhaps, was almost the only artist in the Kensington galleries who proved himself able to throw a full-length into easy grace and perfect pose. It has been well said of these matchless figures that they look as if they had been the moment before in motion - had just stopped an instant, and would move on again, the picture completed. Vandyke, too, was very adroit in the management of the hands; yet at Kensington it became again apparent how grace of attitude degenerated in his figures into positive affectation. Vandyke treated hands decoratively; they hung as pendent lines in a general composition of ornament, and being too nerveless to wield a sword or ply a pen, were of no earthly use, save as graceful adjuncts to a picture. By innumerable examples before us, it is again proved, that in portraiture the hands are only second in importance to the face. In fact, in a portrait well brought together, the whole figure. from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, stands without schism - one motive governs its unity. Among English painters we incline to think that Reynolds has best complied with these complex conditions. It has been said, however, that while portraits by Titian are like the peo-

to mark after what divers manners different artists have disposed of a whole-length figure, have managed a composition when by Reynolds are but as reflections of people complex, and treated in light and shade, passing before a mirror.

Thus we have seen after what fashion various artists have treated the "human face divine." Even in portraiture is maintained the distinction between high and low art, between a literal and an ideal treatment. Among the Greeks it was said that Dionysius painted men as they are, Pauson men worse than they are, and Polygnotus men better than they are. Reynolds, too, it is well known, taught the doctrine of general ideas, and his portraits accordingly show how, by discarding disqualifying accident, he gave liberal version to the human countenance, seized on its generic types, and made character conspicuous by noble traits. In the present day, in spite of the warning of Rochefoucault, our heroes are painted by their valets! The portraits, however, passed under review, prove that the theory of Reynolds, and the practice of Polygnotus are right; the best examples of the art reconcile treatments individual and generic, and unite in a common aim realistic and ideal schools.

We leave these galleries with mingled feelings of gratitude and regret; gratitude to the managers who have done so well, to the artists who have painted many glorious pictures, and to the great men and women of past ages who, by birth and the culture of noble faculties, made their faces good and beauteous, symbols of what humanity may in flesh attain unto, — pictures in life as now in death.

These three consecutive collections we owe to the honoured statesman of the house of Derby, who incited the authorities at Kensington to the enterprise now brought to a successful close by these words: — "I have long thought that a national portrait exhibition, chronologically arranged, might not only possess great historical interest, by bringing together portraits of all the most eminent contemporaries of their respective eras, but might also serve to illustrate the progress and the conditions of various peri-

ods of British art."

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

CHAPTER III. DOWNWARDS.

THE life of Alice during the time which had elapsed since she left Paris was, if not less sad and lonely, at least less disturbed than before. It was impossible for her to refuse to acknowledge to herself that her husband's absence was a relief. It released her from the constant sense of fear, which was indescribably painful; it released her from the perpetual consciousness of failure, which kept her spirits down beyond the power of her youth and health to raise them. It left her in peace; and though the sorrow at her heart was always living and irremediable, it slumbered sometimes when he was not there, with his forbidding manner, his scornful tone, and that sinister look, in which she had begun to read dislike.

Her heart had been pierced many times, during the brief visits he had made to her seaside cottage before he went to Meriton, with the agonising conviction that the careless indifference which had been so hard to bear, which had turned the memory of the old days of her loving delusion into insupportable suffering, was in its turn passing away; and that in the dark time to come, into which she did not dare to look, she would be forced to recur to the remembrance of it as comparatively happy, as well for

her by contrast.

Up to the moment at which this terrible truth had made itself evident to Alice, she had not freed herself from the trammels of her old, patient, believing love. The presonce of her husband under any circumstances - whatever his mood, however rough his temper, however he hurt her by the impatience whose manifestation he never spared her - had always been delightful to her. She had known and acknowledged to herself, in her bitterest hours of complaint and supplication to her Father in heaven, that she would rather have been with him in his worst moods, than have sevored her life from his. However timid and apprehensive the pleasure with which she had greeted his return, it always was pleasure; however unreasonable the regret with which she beheld his departure, it always was regret.

But a change had come over Alice in this respect — a change which she feared to analyse, but which she felt from day to day more strongly, more incontestably. This more strongly, more incontestably. This change had had its origin in the first hour of her conviction that her husband's indifference had altered into dislike - a conviction which gave to her fear of him another said to her husband, 'the first time we saw and far more agonising character, and struck the sea! Just there, at the turn of the

away from her timid grasp the slender reed of hope by which she had held for so long.

Ignorant as Alice was of the world, limited as was her theoretical knowledge of the mysteries of the human heart, little as she understood the full and fatal meaning of her own isolation, her husband's disregard of her rights, and the strong pathetic claim which she possessed on his consideration, she felt with overwhelming force that a new and dreadful influence had come into her life. What should she do now? It was no longer a question of pleasing him a little more, or displeasing him a little less; it was simply being forced to recognise always in her home the presence of terrible domestic hatred. From the hour in which she felt this, Alice laid down arms and surrendered to her fate. She had done with hope now, and all that remained to her was patience.

Soon there settled on her young face the look which comes with patience in constant exercise, where hope has no longer a place. Only her body was young now; the youth of her heart was gone. A certain kind of peace came to her in her solitude - a colourless, dim peace, which made the monotonous days endurable. By degrees Alice came to acknowledge that the presence of her husband was her greatest trial, and to dread it proportionably. She made few acquaintances among the people who lived in the vicinity of her cottage - a neat little dwelling enough, with a small patch of garden at the side, which Alice would once have cultivated with care, but which she neglected now. The cottage stood on a slight elevation, and before it stretched the coast line of sand and shingle, and the gray monotonous sea. The nearest village was a mile away, and Alice had no close neighbours except a few boatmen and their families, whose cottages were built under the shelter of the little plateau on which her dwelling stood. There was nothing attractive in the place or its surroundings, and anyone but Alice would soon have wearied of the spot to which she had been attracted by a remembrance of her childhood. But Alice did not tire of it; she was too weary already to be additionally tired by such things; it was all the same to her where she passed her sad, defeated days. She had visited the scene with some pleasure when Henry Hurst took her there to seek for a dwelling-place; she had eagerly recalled the day of which she had so happy a recollection.

'How wonderful we thought it,' she had

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road, where we came in sight of it, my mother caught hold of us both with a start, as if she really thought we might be drowned at that distance. Do you remember how you strove to make her let your hand go, when we wanted to run into the surf hand in hand, and how you couldn't? And do you remember the boatman who carried me to the water's edge in his arms, and tried to persuade my mother to have a boat and go over to the island?

'I remember the island,' said Henry Hurst; 'Green Island they called it, I think. There it is, to the left; there ought to be a good view of the east coast from there. If we find anything to suit here, I shall try the island for sketching.'

They found a furnished cottage at a very moderate rent; and Henry Hurst installed Alice there with a servant before he com-

menced his artistic tour.

Green Island was the only object in the neighbourhood which could lay claim to be considered in any degree picturesque. The flatness and uniformity of the coast were unbroken as far as the eye could reach; and the inland portion of the scene, though well wooded, was uninteresting. In any other place, Green Island would have passed without much notice; but at Carbury, as the district was named, it assumed considerable importance. There was absolutely nothing else to break the monotony of the prospect. Green Island was not of large extent, but its outline was picturesquely varied and broken up into miniature ravines, jutting points of rock, small bits of tableland, and tiny bays. At the western extremity, a long, deep fissure, through which the sea flowed at high water, but whose sandy bed was dry when the tide was out, gave almost the appearance of a second little island lying close to the first. In the centre of this fissure, which extended across the entire width of the island, and which was known to the boatmen and others who frequented the place as the Long Hole, there was a mass of rock about four feet high, which afforded at low water a convenient and sheltered seat, and had frequently served as a table for the intropid holidaymakers, who, driven to desperation by the dulness of Carbury, tried to persuade themselves that it was very amusing to pic-nic at Green Island. The distance from the shore was about a mile, and the customary point of embarkation was a little pier in front of the boatmen's cottages already mentioned.

Henry Hurst remained with Alice for a week after they removed to the cottage at Carbury. He speedily made up his mind

him justice, he was sorry Alice had fixed upon it. But she liked it, at least she did not complain by anticipation, and he satisfied himself with the reflection that if the place did not suit her it was her own fault, he had done what she asked him. She would probably make acquaintance with some of the people about; she could tolerate them, he supposed, though he could not. During the week he stayed, Henry Hurst did not exchange a word with anyone in Carbury except the boatman who lived in the nearest cottage, and whom he employed to row him over to Green Island. The season was spring, and the weather was not yet warm; but the young artist did not mind that. Sometimes Alice accompanied him, and then she generally walked about the island and read while he sketched. She soon conceived a great fondness for the place, which, so early in the year, was always solitary. The isolation, yet within view of habitations, pleased her; and she especially enjoyed crossing the island through the Long Hole when the tide was out, and walking on the sloping strand on the far side, from whence nothing was to be seen but the great expanse of the sea.

When she was left alone at Carbury she began to feel for the island some of the same sort of attraction which the old churchyard at Coventry had had for her in the days of her girlhood; ah, how long past they were now, how rapidly fading out of her memory! But she could not often indulge the longing she so constantly felt to go there and pass hours in silent communion with Nature. She could not afford the expense of a boat more than once or twice in the week; she had very little money, none for unnecessary expenditure. summer had begun when a chance incident placed within Alice's reach the cheap pleasure which she desired. 'She bad formed a slight acquaintance with the boatmen who lived near her, and on going out and returning home she usually exchanged greetings with them; sometimes lingering to watch them launching or drawing up their boats, or to talk to the shy, rosy, children.

One of these children, the little daughter of the boatman who had taken her over to the island on her first visit, soon became a great favourite with Alice. Little Maggie Burton was a bright, intelligent, strong, healthy, happy child, of a frank and daring nature; whose face, with shining blue eyes, pink cheeks, and thick, fair, curly hair, might have served for a painter's model of the full contentment and perfect physique of childhood. Every day Alice that a duller place did not exist; and, to do saw the little girl playing before the door

of her father's cottage, or running to meet be company for her; and the lessonshim as he returned with his boat, into which she invariably climbed. Then the father, however tired, would take to his oars again and give little Maggie a turn. Something which she felt to be peculiar in the relation between the father and the child led Alice to think that the little girl had no mother. On inquiry, she found this to be the case; and from that time she took a lively and practical interest in little Maggie, which aroused much gruff gratitude towards her on the part of Burton, and did herself a great deal of good.

It was quite a surprise to Alice to find that she had sufficient energy to care for the child, and to study the best means by which to be really useful to her little friend. Every day at a certain hour Maggie came to her, and learned a few simple elementary lessons which she made interesting, illustrating them by familiar objects, and diversifying them with a good deal of play. For some time the play was much harder work to Alice than the lessons; but she persevered, and she had her reward. The listlessness, the never-ending weariness, the carelessness of life which beset her days from sunrise to sunset, oppressed her less and less. She was no longer condemned to pass all her time in brooding over her grief: a more natural and healthy atmosphere began to pervade her life.

Little Maggie was a child of quick and sharp perceptions, and she had the sagaciity which the children of the poor acquire lamentably early in all things appertaining to money. She soon found out that the pretty young lady who was so kind to her was not rich; she gave her many useful things, but she did not buy them; the little frocks and cloaks, the pinafores which made Maggie a shining example of cleanliness, did not come out of 'the shop' at Carbury, but were fabricated from garments of Alice's own, and neatly made by Alice herself. Maggie soon knew the resources of Alice's wardrobe by heart, and was quite sharp enough to be aware that they were very seldom and very meagrely reinforced. Hence it arose that Maggie confided her discoveries and her deductions to her father, and that James Burton made a proposition one day to Alice which gave her great pleasure. The proposition, made with the gruffness, the awkwardness, and the heartiness which are each characteristic of the British boatmen, was, that Alice should let him occasionally take her across to the Island early in the day, and come for her in an interval of his work in the afternoon. She might

which James Burton regarded with distant, not to say apprehensive respect - might go on in the open air as well as in the cottage. When Burton had succeeded, with contortions of shyness and awkwardness quite indescribable, in making Alice understand that he proposed to render her this service gratis, Alice consented to the arrangement, and thenceforth she went constantly, when the weather was fine, to Green Island, sometimes accompanied by little Maggie, and sometimes alone.

She began to love the sea with intensity almost approaching to that with which it is loved by those who are born and reared be-side it. When the delight of novelty subsided, that of familiarity took its place. She felt her loneliness less in the presence of the restless waves; and the immensity of the sea, its eternal motion, and the world of wonders which lay for ever hidden in its depths, made her realise the brevity and insignificance of life, made her feel the nearness of the time when it would be over and done with, when she and her sorrow would be out of sight for ever, and it would all be no matter.

Visitors to Green Island were not numerous, and she was usually undisturbed. The island was a sort of summer drawing-room for her, and the sea-air, the healthful exercise, the bathing, and even swimming, in which art she became quite a proficient, restored to her fair cheek some of the bloom which had faded from it, under the combined influence of sorrow and the uncongenial mode of life which had been hers

in Paris.

Among the inhabitants of Carbury, Alice had excited little curiosity and less inter-The 'new people' at 'Bateman's cottage,' by which matter-of-fact appellation Alice's dwelling was generally known, were very quiet and unsociable; and when it had been ascertained that the husband was an artist, who 'went about sketching for his livelihood'-thus tersely was his profession described - everybody seemed reconciled to his long spells of absence from his home, as everybody ought to have been, considering that the inhabitants of Carbury had but vague notions of what art meant. They had no fault to find with Alice. She went to church regularly: and though it would have been more becoming and pleasant to the feelings of the majority of the Carbury people had she gone to chapel instead they being Dissenters, and having no great opinion of 'Church' except in the case of very rich people, undeniable gentry, who take Maggie with her if she liked, she would were supposed to have no souls to speak of,

in the sense of requiring exhortation still, they overlooked that magnanimously, and entertained no doubt of Alice's entire respectability. She paid her bills with exemplary punctuality, and though those bills were less in amount than the purveyors of her little household could have wished, the village felt that such punctuality was to be commended. She had no friends among any but the poor. The timidity and reticence of her nature, the shy and embarrassed manner which her isolation and the constant sense of being at a disadvantage had increased, operated as a barrier between her and the chance acquaintances which generally turn up for strangers in comparatively primitive places, and she so effectually kept herself to herself,' as they said, that when people had satisfied themselves there was nothing equivocal, blamable, mysterious, or interesting about the occupant of Bateman's cottage,' they thought no more

It would be difficult to picture a more solitary life than that of Alice, and yet, during the summer which followed her establishment at Bateman's cottage, she had, and was grateful for, much melancholy peace, disturbed only by the brief visits of her husband, and the necessity of writing to him. Yes, that occupation which had been her delight, her sovereign, unfailing consolation in other days, of whose happiness she could not bear to think, whose remembrance she put from her, but which would haunt her sometimes pitilessly, was a torment to her now. What to say, what to leave unsaid, how to avoid provoking the ever-ready censure, the ever-ready sneer; how to select among the topics which she might venture to introduce, and carefully to exclude those in which her much-detested 'sentimentality' and 'silly womanishness' might be detected,—these were difficult questions, and they might have puzzled a wiser head than Alice's, though they could hardly have been put to a purer heart to wring it. She never succeeded in answering them to her satisfaction, and the result was that her letters to her husband were very tame and uninteresting documents. Little details of her expenditure of the small sum which he placed at her disposal, commentaries on the merits or demerits of her servant - a well-meaning person, who had elementary ideas regarding her duties, and whose solicitude for her mistress resolved itself into sincere and active wonder things to her husband now. how she could eat so little and live, never taking a bit of supper; and as for beer! she bad never seen but her own two halfpints a-day since there she had been; - husband, and this time her heart was too

trite little records of her daily life; such were the themes of those letters. Could it be possible that she was really the same individual who had in bygone years found her great delight in putting the dreams with which her life, in the shadow of the church of the great Archangel, filled her, on paper for him to see, for him to share, and that he was really the same individual who used to tell her that her letters were his greatest treasures? What had made the terrible change?

She never had these visions now; the great dead, the holy dead, spoke to her no more; she tried to be as matter-of-fact as possible, and yet his gentlest phrase for those defects of hers of which he was so impatient, to which he was so keenly alive, was 'silly and sentimental!' Had she not been silly and sentimental in the old days? Had she not, then, really lived in a visionary world? And so poor Alice puzzled herself over an enigma which she was too pure, too constant, too true, too singlehearted and simple-minded, ever to understand.

'If you should want a model for the beauty and joyousness of childhood,' she wrote to her husband in one of her letters during the summer, 'I can supply you with one when you come home. It is my little neighbour, Maggie Burton, the child of the boatman who so often rowed you over to Green Island. I think she is the prettiest little creature I ever saw, and so full of life and spirits, but not at all rude or common, like the other children. She is quite a little companion for me; I teach her reading and writing, and she learns quickly. Her father is grateful to me for such a small kindness, and it makes it pleasant to have my poor neighbours well-disposed towards

Alice would have added to her last letter that the superior manners and greater refinement of the child doubtless proceded from her constant association with her father, who had been softened by the fashioning hands of a great sorrow and a great responsibility, acting on a sensitive and religious mind. She would also have told of her pleasure in teaching the little girl and the associations which it revived - how she once more saw herself fulfilling her daily duties at 'the Gift,' and caught passing glimpses of her vanished girlhood -but Alice knew better than to write of such

Many weeks later, and after he had paid her a brief visit of two days before going into Hampshire, Alice wrote again to her

'You will remember,' she wrote, 'that I told you about my little pupil, Maggie Burton, the boatman's child, and that she was ill when you were last at home, so that I could not send for her to come and see you. I am glad you did not see her. It makes my heart sick to think how I told you of the model of childish beauty and joyousness I had found for you here. If you could see her now you would, I am sure, feel for her father and for herself as I feel. A dreadful accident has happened to her. She went on Monday last to Carbury with some other children, and was knocked down in the street by a runaway horse drawing a heavy cart. One of the wheels went over her, crushing her right leg in a frightful manner; the wonder is that her head escaped, that she was not killed on the spot. The distraction of her father is as much beyond description as the child's sufferings. The leg has been set, and she is likely to live, but will, the doctor says, be permanently lame. I am with her as much as possible; the little creature is accustomed to me, and tractable in my hands, and I nurse her better than anyone whom her poor father could afford to pay. This is Saturday, and I saw little Maggie on Monday. She came to me on her way to the village, looking so pretty, so rosy, so happy. You cannot conceive anything more painful than it is to look at her little face, so wasted and discoloured, so sharp and flushed and distorted, and to listen to the constant murmur of suffering and fever which comes unceasingly from her poor parched lips. There are those here who think it would have been better had the accident been fatal; but her father is not one of them, nor am I. The child will live, I trust, and she will be as dear or dearer to him than ever, however disfigured, however helpless she may be. I have troubled you with this story because I want to account for having to ask you if you can let me have a little more money than usual, or the regular sum sooner than the regular time. This was a case in which I could not be quite prudent, and the child has become so accustomed to me that she looks to me as a matter of course for what she wants, and I cannot check or resist that just now. I will make up by stricter economy for additional expense now; but I am not afraid to ask you to let me do what can be done for poor little. Maggie, for I am sure, if you could see her, such would be your own

The letter, of which this doleful story formed a part, reached Horace Holmes on if it was from his mother, bless you.

full of her subject to permit her to restrain the same day which brought him Stephen all expression of her feeling:

Haviland's welcome invitation that he should leave the village inn and stay at Meriton. It was addressed, as usual, to the post-office, Lynnstoke, and had lain there for some days, until Mr. Holmes bethought himself of requesting that the first person who should go from the village to the town might be directed to inquire for his letters. There was but this one, and it lay upon the table in his little sitting-room when he returned from an afternoon visit to Meriton, his head and his heart filled partly with the fascinations of Madeleine Burdett, and partly with envy of the wealth, luxury and refinement amid which she lived. A rustic waiter - who was a good fellow in his way, not extraordinarily clumsy or exceptionally rapacious, but who contrasted disadvantageously with the gentleman in powder at Meriton - accompanied Mr. Holmes to his room, and observed that he merely glanced at the letter without taking it up, and asked if that was the only one that had come for

> 'It ain't from his sweetheart, anyhow, Betsy,' said the rustic waiter to a chambermaid of still more pronounced rusticity, when they were standing together at the inn door presently, inspecting a procession of newly-purchased pigs through the village-street; 'it certainly ain't from his sweetheart, or he'd ha' took it up a deal

more lively.

'O, you think so, do you?' said Betsy. with a ponderous but not infelicitous imitation of the scornfully-satirical style of flirtation. 'You know so much about sweet-

hearts' letters, you see.'

'Don't I just!' returned the rustic waiter. administering to Betsy a portentous push, of the kind that ranks as a very emphatic caress in the queer category of British love-making among people of that class. When you had your 'oliday down Southhampton way I'm sure your hand improved wonderful. But,' continued the rustic waiter, returning to his proposition with resolution, 'it ain't from his sweetheart.'

'P'raps it's from his mother, Bill,' suggested Betsy, as she settled herself against the door-post in a comfortable attitude for gossip, and cracked her finger-joints in succession, with a quiet air of enjoyment, like

that produced by taking snuff.

'No, it ain't from his mother, neither,' said Bill. 'It's only young uns as writes so very straight and spidery, and puts a lot more on the cover than the postman wants to tell 'im where it's to be took to. Besides, he'd ha' opened it pretty sharp decision and backed them up with such

convincing reasons.

'I'll tell you why, Betsy,' said Bill confidentially, and with another portentous push, but this time uninspired by ironical humour, 'when young men gets letters from their mothers, them letters always has either money or good adwice, and in general both, inside of them. Now, as they can't know by just looking at the cover whether it's the adwice, as they wery likely won't take, or the money, as they'll be precious glad to get, as is inside, they opens the letters sharp, and puts themselves out of pain.'

Betsy regarded Bill admiringly, and acked all her finger-joints again. Then cracked all her finger-joints again.

she offered another suggestion. 'P'raps he's married, after all, and it's

from his wife.'

' No. Betsy, that ain't it; though it would account - among gentlefolks, I mean - for his takin' of the letter so uncommon cool, likewise for the spideriness; for there's no doubt but what she'd be young. But he ain't married, Betsy; because he's just been and ordered me to have his things sent up to the Squire's, where he's agoin' to stay; and all the married men, Betsy, as goes to Meriton brings their wives with em.

The conference was broken off at this point by the ringing of a bell, which Bill

was obliged to answer.

When Alice's husband replied to her letter, he did so in a few careless lines. He sent her the money she needed, and said she had better be careful how she passed much time in one of those wretched hovels, or she would probably fall ill herself. And the home which was Alice's and his own, seemed hardly less revolting to his fancy as he wrote, than the 'hovel' in which the mained child lay, watched by her patient nurse.

'You are much better now, Maggie; you will soon be getting well,' Alice said to her little charge one day late in the autumn, when the leaves were strewn thickly on the ground inland, and the sea looked gray and cold as the wind ruffled its surface.

The child was lying on a low bed placed near the window of the one bedroom the little cottage contained. Traces of Alice's care and thoughtful kindness would have been easily found by an observer in the orderly arrangement, in the cheerful as- the child simply.

'Why?' asked Betsy seriously. She pect, in the simple decoration of the was beginning to regard Bill's opinions room. When the child's weary eyes were with respect, he delivered them with such turned upon the walls, there were cheap pictures for her to see; a bird sang in its cage, hung from the top of the window, shaded by clean white curtains; and a goodly provision of story-books occupied the window-sill. Little Maggie was indeed sadly changed. She was no longer in pain; but the languor of severe illness, and the mark of past suffering, were there. One thin hand lay on the clean coverlet, with which Alice had, to the child's great joy, replaced the ordinary patchwork quilt; the other was placed under the wan cheek. The child's face was turned towards Alice, who sat beside the bed; and the blue eyes, still dim and weak, looked at her with the searching expression one sometimes sees in children's faces. Maggie's golden hair had all been cut off, and her head looked grotesquely bare and large as it lay upon the pillow; but it mattered little, for it did lie there; it no longer tossed and turned in the uncontrollable restlessness, the miserable weariness, of fever. Alice had been reading to her, but had discontinued the exciting narrative of Pouset and his brethren - after the adventurous hero had foiled the plans of his unnatural parents for the second time — in order to talk to Maggie.

'You will soon be getting well,' she repeated, 'very soon if you are good, and remember everything I have told you.'

'Are you going away?' asked the child deliberately and slowly, but with a slight quiver through her limbs.

'Going away, Maggie?' said Alice, looking away from the child's eyes; 'no, of

course not.'

'Then why do you tell me to be good and remember? I needn't remember if you are here, because you will tell me all over again, won't you? And I'm very quiet when you read stories for me,' she added, with an alarmed glance at the little red-and-gold book which lay open on Alice's knee.

'Yes, dear,' said Alice, tenderly taking the little wan hand in hers; 'you are very good and quiet, but I want you to be so when I cannot be so much with you. I shall have to stay at home for a few days now, and only just come to see you once or twice in the day.'

The little face looked very sad and wistful.

Alice went on: 'The reason of this is because my husband is coming home for a while, and I must be with him.

'Does he not like sick children?' asked

the keen, searching eyes saw readily:

"He does not dislike them, Maggie; but men are not accustomed to children, and to see illness, as women are. cannot understand this yet, my dear. My husband thinks I ought to be at home when he is there, and make him comfortable. You understand that, Maggie?'

'Yes, I understand that,' said Maggie seriously; 'but father likes to have things comfortable too, and he never gets tired of

me because I am sick.'

'But you are his own child,' said Alice. She shook her feeble head, implying that Alice was saying very weak things, and that it was no use, and said:

'But I am not your own child, and you

never get tired of me either.'

'I know, I know,' said Alice; 'but it is different. I cannot make you understand; you must only promise me to be very

good.'

Maggie assented wearily, and soon declared herself drowsy, declining further to investigate the history of Pouset. But the child did not go to sleep so soon as Alice believed: she lay with her eyes closed, thinking over what had passed. She had strong natural good sense, and much candour and directness of character, in addition to that keen penetration of motives and feelings which renders children such terrible household police. Something in all this contradicted what Alice had taught her of the love for his fellows which God requires of man; and Maggie knew, as well as Alice, that Alice would have to keep her out of sight of this returning husband, and that she was afraid of him.

She confided her feelings - not with regard to herself, in that respect she maintained all a child's pride and reticence, but with regard to Alice - to her father that night, when he was sitting by her bed after his supper, and finding it, as usual, very hard work to keep his eyes open until the little one should settle into the sleep which had now begun once more to last till morn-

Did you ever go away from mother? I don't mean to your work, but a long way off?' she said to her father, who looked at her in surprise, and asked her what she wanted to know that for.

'No, but did you?' she repeated, with

a little sign of impatience.

Then Burton told her that a long time ago. before she was born, when no one at Carbury wanted boats, and parties never went to Green Island, when there were no cottages where they now lived, he had been

Alice replied with embarrassment, which a coasting sailor, and had often and often left her mother for weeks at a time.

'When you came back to her was she

'Of course she was glad, Maggie,' answered her father. 'She were more downhearteder when I went away, and more uphearteder when I comed back, nor anyone could think, wur your poor mother.'

'She wasn't afraid of you, was she,

father?'

'Lord bless you, child, no! What should

ha' made her afraid of me?

Maggie lay silent for a few minutes, a considering look on her wistful little face. Then she spoke again:

'The lady's husband isn't a sailor, is he,

father P'

' No, he's a gentleman as makes pictures of different places - grand houses, and parks, and the like.'

'I know,' said Maggie sagely - 'like Bluebeard's Castle in the green book.'

James Burton nodded. He was acquainted with the work of art in question, and regarded it as splendid.

' Is he wicked, father?'

' Wicked, Maggie? How should I know? What ever has come to you, little un? No, he ain't wicked as I knows on.'

'I think he is wicked - I am sure he is wicked,' said the child excitedly; 'he must be, because I know she isn't glad to see him. He must be wicked, because he frightens her.'

Nothing could shake this conviction on Maggie's part. Her persistence disquieted her father, to whom she said with her last good-night, her thin arms closely clasped about his neck, 'Don't let him do the lady

any harm.

From that hour the child entertained a sort of nervous aversion to Alice's husband - who returned to Bateman's cottage on the following day - which was probably a morbid result of her suffering and debilitated state. When Alice came to her for a few minutes, she would look at her searchingly, with mysterious intelligence in her face; she would return her embrace with almost desperate eagerness; she would turn away her head upon the pillow when Alice left her, and draw the sheet over her face. The trouble of the child's mind was strange, and she made no further progress towards strength for many days. She was in so far recovered that her father, and the neighbour who helped him in his household cares, had been given permission to take her up for some hours each day; but she had no wish to profit by the permission.

'I would not like anyone to move me

me wait until he is gone away again.'

When Alice next made her a hurried visit, her face was pale, and there were dark lines under her eyes. Maggie saw in a minute that she had been crying, and was so restless and excited all day that her father thought the fever must be setting in again. Another day Burton told her he was going to row the lady's husband to Green Island, cold and gloomy though the weather was, and that he was outside waiting for him. Then Maggie made her father lift her up so that she could look through the window, but she took good care not to be seen, murmuring to herself, 'He doesn't like sick children.' She looked at Henry Hurst as he stood on a little patch of gravel outside the cottage, his face turned towards the door, his sketch-book in his hand - looked at him with a child's minute observation, and with mingled curiosity and aversion. Then Burton laid her down in her bed again and left her.

'I thought I never saw him before,' she muttered, 'and I didn't. How I wish he

would go away.'

The few days of her husband's stay brought to Alice even more suffering than she had apprehended. Their meeting was on his side cold, on hers embarrassed, and they talked of few subjects except their money-matters and the common-place occurrences of their lives. Alice did her best to make her simple home comfortable for him, and any other than Henry Hurst would have acknowledged cheerfully that she had not succeeded badly. Everything was neat and bright and clean, and the evidences of Alice's housewifely industry and invention in the decoration of the little sitting-room were by no means contemptible. But he saw it all with jaundiced eyes, and a heart full of rebellion against his fate, and loathing of the tie which he had entered into. A vision of Madeleine in her rich, tasteful dress, with her airy, graceful manner, moving about her luxurious home, was for ever before his mind; and here was this sad, faded woman before his eyes, without one ray of the light which emanated from the goddess of his recollection, following him about with her timid, reproachful look. She did not intend to reproach him; she had long ago learned that reproaches and remonstrances were alike vain; but it was impossible for him, though day by day his conscience became more callous and his heart was hardened, to escape from the silent accusation of cowardice and the cruelest falsehood to the

but the lady,' she said to her father; 'let | trust he had voluntarily undertaken, which he read in her every glance.

The weather was rough and cold, but Henry Hurst went out early each day and seldom returned until the light was waning. Alice did not profit much by his absence to visit little Maggie. Her trouble was very keen and bitter in its revival; it was worse than she had thought or feared. The knife was at the wound again, and turned in it mercilessly. She lacked strength for anything but solitude; she could not face the searching looks, the sudden questions, of the little girl; neither could she command her former facility of inventing stories, nor her former indefatigability in reading them. So she made doll's clothes for her, and supplied her with such simple toys as she could buy in the village, and concocted broth and custards for her, and sent her servant often during the day to see that the child wanted for nothing, but she visited Maggie only in the morning. The child imputed this change to 'the lady's' husband, and hated him with the full strength of her energetic little heart, but, in her characteristic childish pride, she did not complain either to the neighbour who took care of her or to her father.

Alice had only a general and superficial knowledge of her husband's proceedings during his absence. In his tyrannical disposition, the love of concealment, when concealment was hurtful to her and furnished him with a tacit manifestation of his contempt, was strong, and he rarely told her more than that he should be near a certain post-town at a certain date. Still, during the spring months of that year she had heard some particulars of his occupation, and had even seen some of his drawings. But now he told her literally nothing. The name of Meriton, the mention of the Havilands, never passed his lips. This absolute silence was not altogether the result of the sense of his own baseness - inseparable from his possession of intelligence which, however he stifled it, he could not ignore it also formed a principal integral portion of a plan which had begun to take shape in his mind before he left Meriton.

In his walks by the coast, prolonged for miles, Henry Hurst thought incessantly of the project of pleasure, freedom, delight, which had been assuming more and more of the appearance and the attitude of possibility, every day since he had caught a delirious glimpse of it, in the desperation with which he had regarded his marriage when he first felt the sway of his vehement passion for Madeleine. Alice must know that theirs could never be

a happy union. Before he could expect to unexplained, disturbing element added to see Madeleine again, he had to get through some weeks. During that time the scheme which he had in his mind might be matured and put in operation. He would return to London as soon as he could, with any propriety, do so. It was not his interest just then openly to outrage Alice's feelings. He occasionally devoted a little time to speculating upon those feelings; he required to understand them now more than he had ever before needed such comprehension. The last thing that a man will ever permit himself to believe, no matter how lightly he has valued his wife's love, is that he has lost it; so that Henry Hurst had not even the trivial excuse of being able to persuade. himself that what he hoped to succeed in doing was not really cruel; that it ought to be an easier and pleasanter life for Alice to be entirely separated from him. Taking as the base of his reflections the undoubted fact that she loved him, he proceeded to discuss with himself the best means of persuading her that there was no chance of peace for her in opposing his wishes.

But, if she should persist in opposing him, how could she carry her point? She had no friends, no one to whom she could resort as against him; she knew nothing of his life when away from her, not even the name of anyone with whom he associated. If he were to desert her, she would be helpless. What could be more unlikely than that she could trace him if, as he hoped, he should escape from the only sphere of life with which she was acquainted, and enter another with whose mere externals she was quite unfamiliar? He could think of her meek and gentle nature now; he could complacently call to mind her patience, her submission, her timidity, her silent ways, her habit (which he called her love) of solitude, her quiet piety, and could give each its place in his cruel calculation; he could judge calmly of the extent to which they would tell, in the inhuman bargain he proposed to make.

It was now the day before that on which Henry Hurst intended to return to London. Hitherto he had not told Alice anything about the probable duration of his absence, but had contented himself with vague remarks about the places he was likely to visit in the spring. Now he must tell her something definite. She had been more fretful, as he called it, this time than ever. In eyery respect she was an intolerable bore to him; nothing that she said or did but was perverted by his passion-ruled mind.

During this time, Alice had been by no means blind to the presence of some new, husband—my own—my own—all I have

the already numerous sources of the disunion between herself and her husband, for which her timid nature led her to blame herself mercilessly. Though an innocent, unworldly, and in many respects a weak, woman, Alice was by no means a dull one. The instinctive feminine sagacity in all that concerns the affections was largely developed in her, and she had very soon detected in her husband's manner a preoccupation, a concentration of thought, a musing moodiness, which, if not so perpetually trying as his former incessant discontent, fault-finding, and contempt, put her still farther from him, made her feel more hopelessly ignorant of his real life. For a little, Alice had felt puzzled to account for this change; but that other terrible instinct, jealousy, awoke and told her what was the solution. Alice was not actually much older than in the time at Paris, when she had suffered from jealousy in its general and most common form. But she was at an age when a little time makes a great difference in one's mental condition; and she read now, with perspicacity which she could not then have attained, the meaning of this new and more tormenting mood of her tyrant. Reason had no power over the anguish with which this fresh revelation of her misery filled Alice's heart. She could not say to herself, 'Since I know he does not love me since I know he has no generosity, no pity for me - since he makes me feel all this every day and all day long - why should I care how his heart is filled, how his affections are bestowed?' Alice was too pure, too just, too jealous a woman for such reasoning as this. While she knew by sad experience how love could change, and dreaded that the day might come in which she should learn that it could be killed dead, - such a. thought, such a possibility as that it might be transferred, never sullied her mind for a moment. No; if love for her husband were dead within her, all love would be annihilated, and she might go out into the fullestcrowded life of all the world and join the throng, - to her not only unknown but unimaginable, - unconscious that such a passion had any part in its composition. She was very gentle, but she could be brave sometimes in her resistance to a great injustice, in her resentment of a cruel injury.

'A woman has taken him quite away from me,' she thought, while bitter tears of anger and anguish—anger for which there was no vent, anguish for which there was no solace—stained her delicate cheeks. 'A woman has done this; and he is my husband—my own—my own—all I have

in the world, and he might have cared for not bear it. She had to learn that in her me again in time, if this had not been. Some woman among those great people who have made much of him has done this. He has never told me, but I guessed it all: I knew the reason there must be for his disgust with our home; for what did he ever know of wealth and luxury more than I have known? Some woman - rich and beautiful, and perhaps she has everything the world can give her - and she has taken him from me. What have I now — what have I now? O my God, my God! O mother, mother!'

Alice sank upon her knees by her bed in pitiable agony. It was after that first paroxysm of her new phase of suffering that little Maggie noticed her tear-stained face, and was confirmed in her impression that 'the lady's 'husband frightened her.

Against the unbearable suffering of the conviction which the observation of every day confirmed, and which she was not slow to strengthen by putting what was, in fact, its correct interpretation upon the silence Henry Hurst observed respecting his occupations in the autumn, Alice rebelled. Neglect, coldness, hardly-disguised aversion, she had borne as well as she could; but this she could not bear, so she told herself. She must tell him that she knew, that she was certain, that he had been enticed away from her, and that she could not endure it. This stronger emotion almost drove away her fear of him. If this woman, whoever she might be, could know the misery she was inflicting on another woman, already sufficiently wretched without that, she would be merciful to her, and refuse to see him any more. Thus poor Alice, in the gentler moods of her pain, thought; but in the angrier moods she raged against the unknown rival with all the intense and - if there be any power of making it so - the dangerous anger of a meek and patient nature driven out of its habitual bounds by fierce, remorseless

Alice resolved that her husband should not leave her without some explanation of his future intentions - without a protest on her part against their alienation - without one more strong appeal, founded on her utter solitude and dependence. Poor Alice! she little knew that that solitude, that dependence, were as forcibly present to his mind as to hers, - were presenting themselves to him, as to her, in the light of powerful motives, irresistible weapons. She had said in the fierce revolt of her heart against the bitterness and injustice of her fate, that she could not, she would

endurance neither her power nor her will was concerned; she had to learn that no human creature is so utterly helpless as a woman whose husband is her foe.

It was late in the evening before Henry Hurst broke the moody silence which be had maintained since he returned from his walk. He and Alice had dined together, but had hardly interchanged a word during their meal. Henry Hurst had not wavered in his purpose, but he found more difficulty than he had anticipated in putting it into execution. He observed Alice closely, and was struck by something unusual in her appearance and manner. She looked handsomer, he thought, and older than her wont; there was more gravity and less timidity about her. She was not embarrassed, but calm and steady, and there was an unusual brightness in her eyes, and something which he would have laughed at himself for calling dignity, but which was dignity nevertheless, in her tone and gesture. His whole heart, his whole mind, was fixed on Madeleine Burdett; he had resolved to pursue the project which gave him the wicked hope of winning her, to the end; and yet he watched his wife that evening with a sentiment approaching admiration, and surprised himself more than once with the passing thought,

'If she had looked and moved and spoken like that always, I don't think I should have been so confoundedly tired of her so soon.'

Alice was sitting by her work-table, dressing a doll for little Maggie in the trim costume of a French bonne. The doll was to represent Honorine, well known to Maggie by reputation, and who had figured in many of Alice's simple inventions. Alice was perfectly conscious that her husband intended to say something unpleasant to her, and quite resolved that she would speak to him in the sense she had determined upon, but she meant him to speak first; so she took up her work and tried to go on with it unconcernedly. Henry Hurst looked at her darkly for a little while, and then rose and leaned against the chimneypiece.

' Put that work down, Alice,' he said; 'I

want to talk to you.'

She obeyed, then folded her hands, and prepared to listen to him, her heart beating heavily, and the colour fading out of her face.

'Don't look so scared,' he went on; 'I am not going to say anything to frighten you. One would think I was an ogre, when you put on that terrified look.'

'I am not afraid of you, or of what you

are going to say,' replied Alice with surprising firmness, and looking at him steadily; 'I have been expecting, hoping, for some days that you would break this unnatural silence between us.'

'I don't know that it is an unnatural silence,' said her husband; 'we have very little to say to each other, it seems to me, and so silence is more natural than speech.'

'It is that fact which is unnatural,' said Alice; and her voice failed for a moment, but she cleared it and went on: 'It is unnatural that we should not have more to say to each other - we who are not only husband and wife, but have no other ties in the world — we who have neither relatives nor children, and I, at least, have no friends. It is frightful there should be this estrangement between us; it is frightful, terribly, utterly bad. We are both young. Why do you treat me so? Why do you dislike me?'

Henry Hurst heard her through with secret satisfaction, though with surprise. He had not expected her to speak to him so plainly; he was unprepared for the courage and energy with which she appealed to him: but it served his purpose; it enabled him, by the eagerness of her tone, by the abruptness with which she entered upon the subject, to say what he intended, in substance, with more roughness and decision than perhaps even he would have cared to use otherwise. She looked at him, her blue eyes bright and tearless - bright with the fever of pain; he looked at her with the dark frown she knew and dreaded fixed upon his handsome face.

'I have never offended you, never dis-obeyed you,' Alice said, 'and you have hardened your heart against me since a short time after our marriage. Why is this, Henry? Did you never love me at all? did you marry me only because I was alone, and you felt you owed my dead mother some gratitude? If this was so, you would have done better to have left the debt unpaid, than to have married me and made me so wretched - have left me so much more alone. If my mother knew my God, I trust she does not!'

Here her voice broke again, and she hid

her face in her hands. 'Look here, Alice,' said Henry Hurst in a tone which she always dreaded, and which robbed her in general of the little courage she could muster; 'when I told you I wanted to speak to you, I did not mean that I wanted to be treated to one of your sentimental effusions. I'was tired of them, as I think you know, a pretty long time ago; terror and agony, 'has it come to this?

and what I am tired of I don't mean to undergo. Do you understand that?

She removed her hands, and let them fall into her lap; and she looked at him, but she did not speak.

'I intended to speak to you rationally, not to try back on old stories of boy-andgirl nonsense; but since you have chosen to put our conversation on that footing, I have no particular objection: it may serve to make you understand thoroughly and practically the uselessness, the folly of taking that kind of tone with me. When you want to know why I treat you so, as you call it, I can only suppose you to mean, why do I leave you here instead of taking you about with me, why am I not more desirous of your company, and not aux petits soins when I am with you? That's about it, I think?'

The cruel, savage irony of his tone actually made Alice start, as if she had been struck with a whip. But she kept silence, only pressing her hands tightly together, and still looking at him.

'That's about it, I think. Well, I'll tell you in time. Then you ask me -- which is totally irrelevant to the matter - why did I marry you? did I marry you out of gratitude to your mother? I'll answer you on this point first. You are not very wise, Alice, but you would be a greater fool than I take you for, if you believed that I did that. Your mother was kind to me; but to marry her daughter as an acknowledgment, would have been rather too much and infinitely too absurd. I married you because I thought you very pretty, and fancied myself very much in love with you. I had seen nothing of the world, and I mistook my own feelings, or took a transient taste for a lasting one. Select whichever explanation wounds your vanity least. You seem to think that the circumstance of our both being without relatives ought to have made our marriage a most sacred and solemn business, and so forth; - mere sentiment and utter silliness! Nothing of the kind has any influence; it is a question of two people, and whether they suit each other, and nobody can influence it. As to your being without any protection but mine, if you allude to your friendlessness in that sense, I really am very sorry for it for my own sake; for if you had any friends I should have sent you home to them long ago, and have been able to pursue what might be a prosperous career, if I had

nothing to tie me to this country.'
'What!' exclaimed Alice in a voice of

You would have left me, deserted me completely? O Henry, don't say that — I — I mean, unsay it. You don't mean it — you cannot.'

She rose and hurried towards him, her hands outstretched; but he put her aside with his arm, and she shrank back.

'Be quiet, and listen to me,' he said roughly. 'I wish to speak to you reasonably and as gently as may be; if you won't be reasonable, I shall have to tell you my meaning in very few and very plain words. There is no use in the prolongation of this kind of thing. Will you sit still and listen to me, or will you not?'

She resumed her seat, and said in an unnaturally quiet tone, 'I am listening.'

'Very well. You must be as ready as I am to acknowledge that our marriage was a great mistake. You don't suit me, I don't suit you; that may be more your fault than mine, or more my fault than yours; I don't enter into that matter, but the fact is indisputable. Time cannot alter this, except to make it worse; and the best thing you and I can do is to enter into an amicable agreement to separate. I will provide for you as well as I can; but I must have—I am determined to have—my freedom.'

Before he paused in his speech, the incredulous terror with which Alice had regarded him, gave place to the first expression of scorn he had ever seen in her

face.

'Your freedom?' she said slowly. 'In what has it been infringed? You are free to leave me, free to return to me, free to keep me in the most painful and humiliating ignorance of everything concerning you, free to inflict such agony on me, as I can rejoice—thank God!—to know it is not in the power of any human being to in-

flict on you.'

'You had better discontinue your heroics,' said Henry Hurst, with a sneer, 'if you want me to speak another word to you. When I have done, you may invoke any amount of pardon or punishment on my The fact is head that pleases you. mind, it is your own fault that you have it told you in such plain words - I am tired of you, tired of the burden of an unsuitable marriage, determined to pursue my art, and to make something of my life; better late than never. If I succeed, you will be better off - that much I promise you; but I will not live with you. I am determined to separate from you, and from that resolution nothing can move me. Hush, don't speak until I have done. I

know what my prospects are, and tell you what I can do for you. If you like to set up a school—you had a great fancy for doing so, I remember, in Paris—I daresay I could manage that; I shall get the money somehow. As for me, when my present work is done, I shall leave England, and when I may return is utterly unknown to me; never, most likely. Rely on it, it is better for you; but whether you think it is better for you; but whether you think it is better or worse, you cannot influence my decision, though you may give me trouble, and make me curse my marriage more heartily than I have cursed it yet.

He paused here, and glanced at her. In spite of the cold and studied deliberation of his tone he was agitated, and he feared her reply. But she made none; she sat quite still, her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed, but tearless. He was about to speak again, when she sighed deeply, her hands unclasped themselves, and she fell heavily

to the ground.

Henry Hurst called to the servant, but in vain. She had gone to see how little Maggie fared, and there was nobody in the house but him and Alice. The next moment he remembered that it was fortunate no one could see her as she was, no one could gossip about this fainting-fit, and speculate on its cause. He lifted Alice's light form from the ground, and carried it up the narrow stair with ease. Then be laid her, still as senseless as a stone, upon her bed, returned to the sitting-room for a light, and went upstairs again. When the lamp showed him her still, white face, he thought how like death it looked, and he bent down and scanned it carefully before he made any attempt to revive her. Yes, it looked strangely like death; there were the hollow temples and the sunken eyeballs, the fixed muscles, the awful gray tinge, the tightened lips, the blue shade over the teeth. How he wished that she were really dead! Even while he took the ordinary means to recall her to life, he ardently desired to be rid of her in the only sure, effectual way. Even as he set the door and windows open, letting the wintry wind blow over her - the solemn though feeble starlight came into the room with the current of air, making the deathlike face more deathlike — he had in his fancy the vision of the innocent, beautiful, bright girl whom his guilty love profaned.

determined to separate from you, and from that resolution nothing can move me. Hush, don't speak until I have done. I gan to recover consciousness. When he shall write to you from London, when I knew that she could see and hear him,

Henry Hurst, who had heard the servant addressed to him made that plain, return to the house, said, 'Keep quiet; I will send Jane to you; ' and left her.

Alice lay still and silent until her servant came and helped her to get her clothes off, and lie down in her bed. She lay still and silent all through the night, sometimes with closed eyes, but oftener looking through the window at the stars. At first she had not much consciousness of suffering, but at dawn she fell into a paroxysm of agony, which in its turn gave way to the slumber of extreme exhaustion.

It was noon when she awoke and sat up in bewilderment, like one awaking from a terrible dream. On the table beside her lay a note. It was from her husband.

'It was better not to disturb you,' he wrote. 'I shall call on the doctor at Carbury, and send him to you. I shall see you in a few weeks.'

It was not all over, then, Alice thought, when the confusion of her brain cleared a little; he had not left her for ever. The scene of the night before was as true, as terrible as ever: but she had a little time in which to prevent, to parry — at the worst, to realise her fate. Overwhelming bodily weakness mercifully held her passive. The Carbury doctor came, and recommended perfect quiet and steel drops. All that day and the next Alice lay in her bed still and silent, only in the night when the stars were shining she sometimes murmured half aloud, ' Mother, mother!'

CHAPTER IV.

DURING THE WINTER.

HENRY HURST left Carbury with the conviction that he had committed a blunder in making his proposition to Alice so abruptly. He had said too much, and too little. The ferocity that was in him had led him to preface the proposition he had made with callous coarseness, and by that he felt he had secured his failure. But for that, he might be returning to London now, having made an agreement with her which should effectually prevent her being able to trace him in the brilliant and elevated sphere which he really believed himself destined to attain.

He had foiled himself by precipitation; and he would have been glad could he have recalled the step he had taken. What was in Alice's mind that had so changed her bearing and expression? Did she suspect him of another motive in addition to the cruel one he had avowed? She could know of economy with appearances, and all a nothing of his proceedings beyond what he Frenchman's power of concentrating his cruel one he had avowed? She could know had told her; the very reproach she had expenditure on himself.

could not help dwelling a little on this; but he soon dismissed all consideration of Alice and her sentiments, and gave himself up to the hopes and schemes which possessed him.

His first business in London was to provide himself with lodgings in a 'good' neighbourhood, and there to establish himself in a manner which should not contrast too strongly with the position of Madeleine Burdett. His hope, his object, was to gain the girl's affections so completely, to obtain such an ascendency over her, as would induce her either to exert her influence and strength of will over her father and her uncle, so as to obtain their consent to a marriage whose absurd inequality he was not capable of comprehending, or to consent to a clandestine union, and trust to her power at home for future forgiveness. The latter calculation was characteristic of the shallowness of Henry Hurst's judgment, and the narrowness of his view. He no more understood that — with all her airy, gay, variable ways, her fascinating manner - Madeleine was highly principled, and totally incapable of contemplating such a sin against delicacy and propriety as a clandestine marriage, than he knew that her heart was irrevocably disposed of.

His scheme was assuming form, and extending itself. He was building his house of cards rapidly, and his whole mind was set upon its intricate fragility. How slight and insignificant were the obstacles, when he viewed them in his present sanguine frame of mind! No resistance on Alice's part could avail her; he had the power of forcing her to compliance. And then, what could be easier than for him to leave England, giving her to understand that he was going abroad, to remain, and to return when he chose? Alnaschar's reverie was not more glowing, more vainglorious, better constructed from stage to stage, more

vivid, or more baseless.

Henry Hurst had acquired many of the small talents of the Frenchmen with whom he had associated in Paris. He was a good manager in many senses in which the idea of managing at all would not have occurred to an Englishman; he knew the value of money, and had a keen perception of the inconvenience and the humiliation of debt. He was not likely, therefore, to plunge himself into embarrassment in taking such measures as he knew would be necessary for the conduct of his scheme. He had all a Frenchman's facility for the combination

mose talents was satisfactory, and (Mrs. Haviland's arrival in town having been duly announced in the Morning Post) Horace Holmes's card, bearing an address in an unexceptionable street in St. James's, was among the first left at the door of the fam-

ily mansion in Berkeley-square.

He had heard from Alice a few times, he had given her as an address the postoffice in the street in which he lived, - and had replied to her brief letters in the coldest and most general terms. Neither had made any allusion, in writing to the other, to the terms on which they had parted. Alice lived in daily, hourly dread of her husband's reappearance to insist on the carrying out of his terrible proposal; her husband was only watching and waiting for the arrival of the hour when all should be ripe for the fulfilment of his intentions.

The peace in desolation which had been stealing over Alice's life for some time before her husband's last visit had been utterly routed by that event. The instinct of a woman and a wife had revealed to her an unavowed motive pervading the conduct

of Henry Hurst.

'He could have left me here, forgotten by him and unknown by all the world,' she would sometimes think, 'without saying anything about it; he almost does so now; he had only to remain longer away, to let me know less about him than I now know. and everything would have been as he wishes. But he wants to send me farther away, to hide me more effectually; - from some one person in particular, I am convinced, - from a woman! Well, he shall not do it; no, I am determined he shall not do it. I am powerless and at his mercy, God help me! but God will help me to some device, some line of conduct, which shall defeat him in this instance.'

In the mean time, the only thing Alice could do was to resume what had been the routine of her life before this sinister inter-

ruption.

Maggie Burton was able to be up now, and to move about as much as she was ever destined to move about in this world; and a sorrowful spectacle the maimed child presented, as she limped painfully, aided by crutches, and dragged a permanently useless limb after her. Her father generally carried her up to the cottage in the morning, and left her with Alice, or, if she were absent, in charge of the servant, and came power. Whatever she had chosen to do, to fetch her in the evening. From her fashe had done without difficulty, without vourite seat, in a low basket-chair placed fatigue. The exertion of to-day did not close to the window of the little sitting- produce any effect upon her proceedings of

The result of the practical application of | interval of sea between the island and the coast, and the little pier where the boats lay when not employed; - her father's nearest, and conspicuous by reason of the gay red and green painted stripes with which it was adorned. The boatmen's cottages were under the brow of the little hill. and not in sight. Maggie watched Alice closely in her silent way, and she made two discoveries. The first was, that whenever she received a letter she was unusually troubled and pale for many hours afterwards; the second was, that she cried very much one day on getting a letter in a printed cover; and this surprised Maggie, because she had seen that same letter written by Alice herself a few days before, and why she should cry at getting it back the little girl could not understand. Maggie picked up the cover afterwards, and read the words 'Returned Letter' upon it, but they did not enlighten her. Only once Maggie saw the lady look pleased after getting a letter: such a strange one, with no capitals in the direction, and the stamps, of which there were several, in the wrong But Alice, seeing that Maggie looked curiously at the document, told her that French people had their own fashions in writing, and that Honorine - Maggie would remember that it was like Honorine her French doll was dressed - was not welleducated.

At the small seaside cottage, where simplicity and frugality reigned, the winter months wore themselves away but heavily.

These months passed very differently with

Henry Hurst.

There was only one drawback this winter to the perfect prosperity of the Havilands: Julia was not so strong as she had hoped to be. The illness she had had in the autumn, though not serious in itself, seemed to hang about her obstinately, and to all but those who were in the habit of seeing her daily, and therefore did not observe her closely, she appeared much changed.

She was still remarkably handsome for her age; and the imposing dignity, the suave grace which distinguished her, remained unimpaired. It was in strength she was deficient. Without the least approach to coarseness, or to the blustering activity with which very healthy women sometimes threaten and overwhelm their weaker sisters, Julia Haviland had possessed the attribute and the appearance of physical room, the child could see Green Island, the to-morrow; she had seemed to hold her prepare for any exertion by rest now, and to recover from it afterwards by rest. The to recover from it afterwards by rest. level equality of spirits which had enabled her to enjoy to the full the material and social resources of her life, was no longer at her command. Many sleepless hours by night, and hours full of insurmountable canui by day, whispered their lesson of warning to her, if she would but listen. She often reasoned disdainfully with herself concerning her weariness and her discontent, and asked herself why it was that the luxurious home in which she reigned was in reality no better to her sick fancy than a prison fitted up with handsome upholstery.

'I could understand my own mood of mind,' she would say, 'if I had anything to covet, anyone to envy; but I have not. The kind of life here is what I chose, is exactly what I resolved it should be. I have everything I wish for precisely as I wish for it; or rather, as I used to wish for it-I cannot be at the trouble of wishing now. I don't want higher rank, I don't want greater wealth. All the people about me are quite as much devoted to me as I desire they should be; it would be intolerable to be the object of sentimental solicitude. I suppose this all resolves itself into a question of health. My digestion is out of order probably, and I see the black cat on the hearth-

rug, or the crow perched on my shoulder.'
Thus Julia Haviland, unconscious of the impossibility of filling and satisfying an im-mortal soul with the passing delights of time and sense, was rapidly reaching a conviction that life had nothing more to offer than she was in the daily habit of extracting from it, and that that was not really worth having. There was neither remorse nor repentance regarding the past in her present mood. She never thought of her conduct in the light of conscience; and in her practical matter-of-fact mind the expediency of what she had done was so wellestablished, that she would have regarded any feeling about it at this period of her life as weakness and absurdity. But by degrees, since her illness, a wish had sprung up in Julia's mind to know something of the fate of her disowned child. It was not all curiosity, nor was it any tenderness, - it was rather a feeling of justice which prompted this. When Stephen Haviland gave Julia a thousand pounds with which to provide for the child, he was not nearly so rich a man as he had since become, and she had no large sum at her own disposition. But him kindly. Stephen's wealth had largely increased of

strength also by the tenure of her will. | late years, and he was very generous to his But it was not so any longer. She had to wife. She had a great deal more money at her disposal than she could possibly require, and than she knew what to do with. She gave largely to well-known and established charities, it was true, but she had no notion of the personal responsibility implied by being rich among the poor, and regarded it as the most simply-natural thing in the world to avoid all unpleasantness, every-thing painful to any of the senses. People who did otherwise, like Hugh Gaynor for instance, she regarded as eccentric - always to be admired, perhaps, and respected; and no doubt it was fortunate such people should exist; but that their existence and their labours had any message of counsel in them for her and her fellows, never occurred to Julia. She comprehended, by her intellect, philanthropy; but the grace of God, which she did not possess, is re-

quired for the comprehension of charity.

She had been thinking of late, that she might get some of the money, of which she had such an over-abundant supply, conveyed to her son through Mr. Eliot Foster. It was not probable that he was in a position to render him indifferent to it; it was possible he might require it very much. Many years had elapsed since she had seen the old lawyer; a few since she had even heard him mentioned. After his retirement from business, Frank Burdett had seen very little of him, and the circumstances of the past rendered it unlikely that either Stephen or Julia Haviland should make him a subject of conversation.

'When I am stronger,' Julia said to herself, 'I will go to Hampstead and see him. He is an old man now. I wonder whether he is much altered - as much in the time as I am? I don't fancy seeing him would agitate or upset me much; but it might, and I had better not attempt it until I am stronger.'

A frank and kindly reception of Horace Holmes by all the family put the young man into the highest spirits, and enabled him to pick up the thread of intimacy exactly at the point at which it had dropped on his leaving Meriton.

Madeleine Burdett met him with a radiant smile, a beautiful blush - which was not in the least produced by his presence, but was a becoming custom with that young lady of which Angelina and Clementina highly disapproved - and an outspoken welcome, which he interpreted far too favourably. Stephen Haviland was very glad to see him. Frank Burdett greeted

Not less cordial, in her own way, was

Julia's greeting, and the satisfaction of not fail to perceive that the young artist Horace Holmes was complete. On the oc- was in love with the beautiful girl. The casion of his second visit he said to Made-

'Is there any chance that your drawinglessons may be resumed?' and she replied

in the greatest glee,

'How kind you are, Mr. Holmes! I have been wishing so much to ask you if you could spare me a little time, but I did not dare; I felt sure you would be so busy with

your important work.

'Did you, then, think that this was not important?' said Horace Holmes, in a tone and with a manner which would have enlightened even Madeleine if she had been at all less preoccupied. 'How mistaken you would be if you really thought so! As much of my time as you will accept is entirely at your disposal. Have you been doing much since we—since I last saw you?

His dark eyes were bent on her with an intense look of love and admiration; but she did not lift her eyes, and did not see it. She went away to bring her portfolio, that she might show him how diligent she had been, and how much she had profited by

his lessons.

This was the beginning of a state of things which was full of fatality to all concerned. On the surface, nothing could be more peaceful, more pleasant, less dangerous, than the picture which Mrs. Haviland's boudoir - a delightful room at the farthest extremity of the suite of drawing-roomswas wont to present on three days out of six during the months of that winter.

Mrs. Haviland studied the young artist with some attention, but not in the rapid, conclusive way in which she had been used formerly to make up her mind about persons who had the rare fortune to interest her. While not the remotest suspicion of who he was had ever crossed her mind at this time, he interested her, and also repelled her. The rôle of a woman of position and fortune had been hers now for so many years, that all the habits and modes of thought and judgment inci-dental to that condition in life were natural to her, and the inequality between Horace Holmes and Madeleine Burdett was as evident and as present to her mind as if she had been born a Haviland, or even a Bing-ham. But the difference between Julia's appreciation of that inequality and that of other people consisted in this: other people would not have contemplated the possi-bility of Horace Holmes regarding Miss Burdett with feelings which might be injurious to his tranquillity, whereas Julia did journey to Meriton had been interdicted.

perception of this fact troubled her very little, partly because she did not feel able to trouble herself, and partly because she held men and their love in rather cynical

contempt.

'Madeleine is quite safe,' Julia reflected, 'in her attachment to Verner Bingham an attachment which seems incomprehensible to me, for he is merely a nice, pleasant, gentlemanly boy: but he will suit her admirably, and that is all I have got to think of in that matter. As for this young man, he must take care of himself. He will get over it, of course - men always do; but it is cruel to let him be so much here, and Madeleine has not the least notion how extensively he is singeing his wings. Ste-phen must not ask him to Meriton for Christmas-week, and I must contrive to put a stop to this sort of thing later. Of course the season would effectually bring it to an end, even if I did not trouble myself at all

It will be seen that Mrs. Haviland practically understood the world she lived in. and the influence of 'the season' on the friendships and intimacies of autumnal and

winter growth.

The precautionary measures destined by Julia to aid Horace Holmes in the easy process of 'getting over it' were not fated to be put in operation. For the first time since her marriage, Mrs. Haviland did not pass the Christmas-week at Meriton; for the first time her bounties to the poor, her hospitalities to the rich, were unperformed. The former she did by deputy; for the absence of the latter a sufficient reason was assigned. Mrs. Haviland was not quite well; there was nothing wrong of any consequence, but she was strangely weak, and her physicians thought it better that she should not leave town, or indeed make any exertion at present. Stephen was very much annoyed, but not so cross and sulky as he generally was when his wishes were traversed and his plans upset. He was beginning to think there was something odd in this continued debility; he no longer regarded it as Julia's own fault; he was disquieted, and for the time lost sight of himself, and got the better of his temper.

Everyone was concerned about Mrs. Haviland and occupied with her, and Frank Burdett, in particular, was not to be con-

'It looks to me uncommonly like breaking-up, Maddy,' he said ruefully to his daughter, when she told him that Julia's · She is not a bit of a fine lady, you know, to combine indulging natural laziness with making oneself out an interesting invalid. There's nothing of that kind about Julia; and when she submits to being called ill, ill she is.'

'But she does not complain, papa,' Madeleine urged: 'she says she has no pain whatever, only a little numbness at times, and the constant wish to lie still and rest.'

'Rest from what, child?' said Mr. Bur-'From nothing that I know of, for months past, if it's not from life itself. Confound those doctors! can't they be straightforward, and tell us at once what is the matter with her?

'But they do, they do, papa!' said Madeleine, with the reluctance natural to a young person to be convinced of the imminence of trouble; 'they do tell us that there is nothing seriously wrong with aunt; that she is only weak and low, and the spring will set her up completely.

Mr. Burdett, in reply, followed an illustrious example. He merely said 'Fudge!'

A remarkable alteration had taken place in Stephen since the setting-in of Mrs. Haviland's strangely-feeble state of health. The peevishness, the sullenness, the ill-used air which had been so apparent in him when she had caught that heavy cold in the autumn, which she had hoped to get rid of so soon, had vanished, and he presented all the appearance now of regretting her illness at least as much for her sake as for his own. He was very kind and gentle in his manner, and hovered about with the well-intentioned helplessness characteristic of men who are unused to illness themselves, and inclined to be frightened at it in other people. Every morning he would make singularly infelicitous propositions with regard to what Julia had better try to do during the day; and every evening, when Julia assured him she had been perfeetly comfortable, but had not felt inclined to move from her sofa, and that she hoped to get down to dinner in a very short time, he would profess to be delighted to hear so satisfactory an account of her, and would afterwards question Madeleine and his wife's maid about the history of the day, with every sign of distress and uneasiness. phen Haviland's appearance changed during this period; he lost the comfortable, self-complacent, Haviland expression, and got a worried look. His temper was not improved so far as the outer world was concerned, but he departed from the usual custom common to his sex, and made an exception in favour of his wife. Julia was not slow to perceive this, and while it I asked uncle Stephen if he did not no-LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 475

amused her .- the cynicism in her was too strong still to permit her to fail to comment on the circumstance after her own peculiar fashion, - she was touched by it, and grateful to him. Horace Holmes's position in the Haviland family at this period was a very strange and anomalous one. They knew no more of the young man's antecedents than they had known at first, and yet he had dropped into habits of greater intimacy than he had ever ventured to hope for. An accidental circumstance led to an increase of that intimacy very shortly after that Christmas-week on which Julia had foreseen the first beneficial break in the succession of Mr. Holmes's frequent

Madeleine discovered that the young artist possessed in perfection an accomplishment which her aunt especially admired that of reading aloud. She immediately called Julia's attention to the circumstance, and Horace Holmes complied very willingly with her request that he should read to her aunt after luncheon, on a pitilessly rainy day in January, when the drawinglesson had commenced very early, and lasted an abnormally long time; and when the luxurious boudoir - with its bright, crackling wood-fire, its velvet-and-lace hangings, and its tranquil remoteness - was more than usually attractive and delightful in contrast with the scene outside, which presented a choice example of the desolate dreariness of a London day in mid-winter.

Horace Holmes took the seat which Madeleine indicated to him, near her aunt's sofa, and she assumed her favourite position on a footstool within reach of Julia's hand. The book chosen was a volume of historical essays, by a writer whose fame was then newly established; and Horace Holmes lent to the brilliant picturesque style of the writer all the charm of a perfectly appropriate and sympathetic interpretation. Julia listened in delight; Madeleine leaned her head against her aunt's sofa, and followed the reader with her bright, expressive brown

'Did you ever hear anyone read aloud more beautifully?' said Madeleine when Horace Holmes had taken his leave.

'He does read very well indeed,' said Julia; 'it is a real pleasure to listen to him.'

'And his voice in reading is even more like yours than in speaking,' said Madeleine; 'do you not notice that?'

'No,' replied Julia; 'I had forgotten the resemblance which you told me you had observed.'

'It is quite remarkable,' said Madeleine;

tice it yesterday, but I don't think he liked the suite of the British ambassador is likely the question. I don't think he likes any- to be exposed to many hardships?' one to be compared in anything to Mrs. Haviland.' Here Madeleine mimicked to tion with a laugh and a kiss, and then the life the undeniably-pompous tone in their conversation again turned on Horace which Stephen was in the habit of proclaiming his wife's style and dignity. smiled, and slightly shook her head, but did not pursue the subject further. After a little, she said:

'You heard from Verner this morning, my dear, did you not? What is his news?'

'Well,' said Madeleine, hesitating, 'there is not much news in his letter; but he confirms the contents of the last - he will certainly be in London in May. Lord Lauriston is coming home on leave, and he will bring Verner with him. It will all have to come out then, won't it, aunt?'
'I suppose so, my dear. Verner will

then be in a position to speak of his loveaffair - you will be indignant if I do not say of his engagement, so I will - Verner will tell his father and mother of his engagement, and I suppose we shall have much negotiating and arranging upon that

basis.

' And Herbert?'

'Tranquillise yourself on that point, Maddy. Herbert will take care you shall not have the title if you will not take it from him; but he will do you no more harm than that. He will not tell upon himself. Am I to know anything more of the contents of Verner's letter?

'He is so sorry to hear you are not yet stronger,' said Madeleine, 'and that we could not go to Meriton for Christmas; he would have liked, he says, to think of me walking to church through the crisp snow, just as he and I walked together last Christ-

mas-day.

'I thought his regret would have some such large and general origin,' said Julia, with a kindly laugh; 'he is a candid crea-

ture, at all events.

'The cold is frightful out there,' said Madeleine, who had not taken in the meaning of her aunt's playful remark. 'I can not help being very uneasy about him sometimes; a cold climate must be very trying to him. Do you know, aunt, I don't think Verner is at all strong?'

'Don't you really, my dear?' replied Julia, with mock seriousness. 'Then let me assure you I do. I think he is as strong and healthy a young man as I know, and I hope you will not marry him with any other notion. If you do, you will could bim could so fully sympathise, there was the same into hypochondriasis or consumption, rely tendency to ennui, the same rooted weari-upon it. And as for the climate! You ness, the same disgust of life of which she cannot surely imagine that a peer's son in was so conscious. She read more of his

Madeleine answered the quizzing ques-

Holmes.

From this time it became almost as much a matter of course that Horace Holmes should read to Mrs. Haviland in the afternoons as that he should give Madeleine drawing-lessons in the mornings - drawing-lessons which had diverged into causeries on all sorts of subjects, and every one of which made him more infatuatedly bent on his project than the preceding. Madeleine was not often of the party in the afternoons. She frequently rode out with her father or her uncle at the time when her aunt was enjoying the pleasure of listening to her favourite authors; or she drove out with Mrs. Fanshaw, which was decidedly unsatisfactory. But Madeleine Burdett and Horace Holmes met very often in circumstances which had not the official semblance of the much-prolonged drawing-lessons. The young artist was a frequent guest at dinner at Berkeley-square. Stephen Havi-land liked his society; and finding that he beguiled some of the heavy hours which Julia was condemned to pass in her boudoir, he conceived a kind of gratitude to him in consequence, and made him free of the house; so that Julia's provisions were entirely disconcerted.

The physicians who had foretold Julia Haviland's restoration to health in the spring were not so much at fault as Mr. Burdett had supposed them. A slight improvement took place in her state when the severity of the winter passed away. It was not easy to believe that she could feel any rigours of climate, surrounded with every precaution, every luxury which wealth and solicitude could procure for her; but it was evident the season had affected her, for the first spring days found her regaining a little strength and some desire for movement and variety. Before this time arrived, she and Horace Holmes had settled into something like intimacy. Julia was as ignorant as the others of the young man's history and antecedents; but she knew more about himself individually, and she divined more clearly the tone and temper of his mind. She did not altogether freely like him, but she felt that something in her nature responded to his - that under the ambitious fearlessness which she perceived, and with which she

nature than anyone had ever read previ- would not be available for the usual amount ously, though she was very, very far from turning over any of the darker pages of that bad book - his heart. It was impossible for her to confide to him the fact of Madeleine's engagement. To tell him the truth as a secret would be to tell him that she had discovered his fruitless and fatal love for Madeleine - a proceeding from which every consideration of pride and delicacy precluded her, as much for Madeleine's sake as for her own.

She could only hope that accident might reveal the truth to Horace Holmes before Verner Bingham's return, or that event must necessarily do so in a merciless fashion. She never spoke to Madeleine on the subject, because, had she done so, the pleasure which the girl took in his society, and the ease of manner which, as Julia rightly conjectured, a man more accustomed to the world, in the 'society' sense, would have infallibly interpreted as most inimical to his high-placed hopes, must inevitably give place to constraint.

'This must be so managed that he may remain on good terms with us all,' thought Julia. 'In his position, it must be pleasant and advantageous to him to have our house to come to, and our society to mix in freely. If he is not very silly and very stupid - and I don't think he is either - he will get over his absurd nonsense about Madeleine without throwing away these ad-

Time went on, and the 'season' commenced, and Julia did not find her expectations respecting the cessation of Horace Holmes's intimacy with the Haviland family any nearer fulfilment at Easter than at Christmas. On the contrary, 'the season,' in the parliamentary sense, some weeks old, and beginning to be invested with its social meaning, had no effect upon the relations now subsisting, and which she no Julia, longer thought about modifying. though better, was not fit for the fatigue and excitement of the regular business of the season, and Madeleine had proposed to her aunt that she should be permitted to keep out of it.

'There is an unanswerable reason in your health,' Madeleine said; 'and if Verner's hopes of getting home are fulfilled, there will be another reason in that, which the world may also be informed of - and -I really have had quite enough of it.'

So it was generally understood, early that year, that Mrs. Haviland was not going out, that Miss Burdett would be seen the many victims of the commonest of all only on few and select occasions, and that mistakes - an unsuitable marriage. the family mansion in Berkeley-square will, I presume, be capable of permitting

of good company, good music, good dances, good dinners, and good suppers for which it had established so great a reputation. Stephen Haviland entertained his political friends and the 'county' gentlemen more frequently than usual, but for the general purposes of fashionable resort the family

mansion was in eclipse.

All this was in the interests of Horace Holmes, who found himself undisturbed, to a far greater extent than he had hoped, in his enjoyment of the entrée at Berkeleysquare. His absences from London in the pursuit of his business were as few and as brief as he could make them, and he felt that the time was fast approaching when he must make the attempt, which he determined should be successful, to force Alice, whom he had not seen once during the winter and early spring, to remove to a remote place, and consent to relinquish all claim upon him for ever. He had been engaged in making cautious inquiries with this end in view; and when he had, as he thought, succeeded in discovering an eligible place for the complete concealment of Alice, he wrote to her as follows:

'London, - May 18-.

'You will not have forgotten the communication I made to you when I saw you last; and I think it probable you have been expecting that I should follow it up with a statement of my wishes and intentions. have delayed so doing until now, because I have not sooner been able to arrange my affairs so as to enable me to promise you, without fear of failure, a certain mainte-You will readily understand that the resolution I announced to you on our last meeting is unchanged, and I hope, for your own sake, you will understand, as clearly, that all remonstrance on your part will be utterly useless. Nothing can alter or influence my determination; and the only result of your receiving this communication in any but a submissive spirit will be to give yourself pain, and to make me feel you an additional burden on my life, an increased drawback on my possible happiness and success, but in nowise to lessen my resolve to rid myself of that burden and drawback.

'In a case like ours, perfect frankness is the only true kindness, as well as the best policy. You will probably regard me all your life as a monster of cruelty and faithlessness, whereas I regard myself as one of

ment, sufficiently to show you, that in such a marriage as ours, things could only go from bad to worse; as every day, and all my growing experience of life, proves to me more clearly the utter incompatibility between us, and teaches me this truththat when a man is heartily tired of his wife, and immutably convinced that she is the last woman in the world whom, if he had to do it over again, he would marry, the best thing he can do, for her sake and his own, is to separate from her as soon and as finally as possible. Do not suppose that I don't know that you have many excellent qualities; I know that very well; but when a man is tired of a woman, her good qualities annoy and weary him more than her bad ones: and I have no hesitation in acknowledging that you are much too good for me. I do not wish to assign any false reason for the irrevocable determination I have formed. I charge you with nothing: I am simply intolerably tired of you; and my belief is, that there could not possibly exist a sounder or more sovereign reason for the step I am about to take. With my future you will have nothing whatever to do, and, if you are wise, you will think nothing or as little as possible about it. When the arrange-ment which I intend to make for you is completed, I shall go abroad: certainly for some time, probably for many years. Your future will not be influenced in any way by my conduct or my fate.

'I shall presently put before you the plan I propose for your future. It is true that I have not the power to force you to carry it out, but I can make you understand the alternative to which you will be infallibly reduced, if you hesitate to accept it. In that case I shall simply leave England without seeing or communicating with you, without making any provision for you; and you must find redress how and where you This would be called desertion: but, in the first place, I am totally indifferent to what anything I do is called; and in the second, as I have given you due notice of my intentions, I should consider myself guiltless, in case you choose to adopt the idiotic alternative of utterly fruitless disobedience; or, I should say, disobedience whose fruit will inevitably be abandonment and destitution. I write this plainly, because your imaginative turn is to be guarded You cannot easily misinterpret against. the meaning of the words I have used. If you do contrive to misinterpret them, so

much the worse for you.
'I find there is for sale at present, a

sense for once to get the better of senti-| cality near Durham. I enclose the advertisement which first drew my attention to it. I have seen the agent mentioned in that advertisement, and have almost concluded the arrangement with him which will put you in possession of that partnership. To this person I represented you as a widow, and gave your name as Mrs. Wood, stating that I was a distant relative. The school is for young ladies, the connection is good; the books, which the agent produced for my inspection, make it evident that there is in this undertaking the means of a respectable livelihood for you; of escape from the loneliness to which you must, in justice, acknowledge that you condemned yourself, and an occupation congenial to your former habits and tastes. You must distinctly understand that I do not attempt to assume the position of reconciling you to my decision, or pointing out the advantages of the only arrangement it is within my power, or indeed my inclination, to make for you, by remarking that it appears to me you have every reason to prefer such a position to your present one, when you clearly realise this fact, -that nothing shall induce me to see you again, except it should be indispensable for the ratification of this matter. Understand distinctly also that, in the latter case, I shall see you for this purpose only, and rigorously restrict you to its discussion. If you attempt to make any appeal against my determination, or to introduce any other topic whatever, I shall accept it as an indication that you have chosen the other alternative to which I have directed your attention, and shall leave you to your choice.

Four hundred pounds is the sum for which the partnership may be purchased. I have borrowed the money, and insured my life to provide for its repayment. In addition to this, which will supply you with the means of living at least decently, and in a position certainly superior to that in which your mother left you, you shall receive a small sum yearly from me, which shall be paid to you through an agent; but which shall be discontinued if you make any inquiries respecting me, or in any way refer to your past relation with me.

'In conclusion, I have only again to impress upon you that this resolution on my part is final and irrevocable; and that, on the whole, I regard it as the most rational method of releasing us both from the trammels of the worst of bad bargains. Let me have your reply with as little delay as possible; it will be necessary to terminate the 'I find there is for sale at present, a negotiation for the partnership promptly. partnership in a school in a respectable lo- Bear in mind that I place the same restriction upon you in writing as, should we meet | garded her with a compassionate contempt; again, in speech; sentimental eloquence on paper will be thrown away on me. If I receive a letter from you containing anything except, or anything more than, your acquiescence in my proposal, I shall take it as your decision in favour of the second alternative, and you shall neither see nor hear more of me. H. H.

'That is tolerably conclusive, I think,' said Mr. Horace Holmes to himself, as he sealed this atrocious document, after having carefully read it. 'There's not a loophole for escape there. This is the first step; the next will be easy. And really, after awhile, that poor fool will be happier than she has ever been in her whining life.'

He was so well satisfied with what he had done, - he was so well persuaded of the success of what he was about to do, - that he almost forgave the poor fool; he re-

for the moment it hardly seemed worth his while to hate her.

Presently he turned out of his lodgings, very carefully dressed, and carrying the letter he had just written in his hand. He put it in a receiver in St. James's-street, and then took his way to Berkeley-square. He passed through the outposts of porter and footmen in the hall unopposed, but was met halfway up the stairs by Mrs. Haviland's 'own' footman, who accosted him respectfully, and said:

'My mistress is sorry she cannot see you this afternoon, sir; she is particularly engaged.'

'O, indeed,' replied Horace Holmes; 'she is pretty well, I hope?'

'Yes, sir, said the footman, 'Mrs. Haviland is pretty well. Lord and Lady Bredisholme are with her, sir,'

precisians would say ass, for donkey is not a dictionary word - is now having his praises sounded as a creature to be desired for culinary purposes. Hitherto it has been the female don-key which alone could claim any share in nourishing the human race. Asses' milk was once a cosmetic; and the Rachaels of classical times made their patronesses beautiful for ever by immersing them in baths filled with the milk of asses. The lovely Poppæa kept five hundred she-asses for this very purpose, and daily bathed in their milk, until Nero kicked her to death; and thus constituted the type of those brutish husbands of whom the police reports occasionally inform us. From imbibing the milk outwardly through the pores of the skin, like Joey Ladle, the transition was easy to drinking the milk, which was found to be most beneficial to invalids of both sexes and all ages, as well as to infants who are deprived of their natural sustenance. But asses' milk is not always easy to procure; and perhaps my experience on this point may be worth telling. The doctor said that my eldest boy - then an infant - instantly required either a wet-nurse or asses' milk. Neither could immediately be procured. The old rector of the parish had recently been kept alive by the milk from a female ass; but both it and the rector had departed. I thought, "Everything can be procured in London; I will go there." I at once went, seventy-eight miles by train, and reached the Old Hummums late at night. The first thing, after an early breakfast, I asked the landlady to tell me where I could procure asses' milk. She could not tell; no one could tell; perhaps I had better go to Hampstead Heath, or try cer- Duchess of Kent.

Asses' Milk. - The male Donkey - though | tain shops in Covent Garden. I did so, and went hither and thither; but no one knew anything about asses' milk, or could suggest where it could be bought. I asked at chemists', and at surgeons', and at confectioners', for four weary hours; and then, being obliged to get back home, walked from the inn to the railway in order to call at every confectioner's and milk-dealer's on my And this with the like want of success. until the last moment, when, upon leaving a confectioner's with the usual answer, a lady in the shop, like a good Samaritan, gave me a certain address, to which I went with all haste. Here it is, pro bono: — Mrs. Dawkins, Purveyor of Asses' milk to the Royal Family: 66, Bolsover-street, New Road. Mrs. Dawkins enjoyed a monopoly in her profession, being the one only person in all London who dealt in asses' milk. donkeys were brought from the Regent's Park to underground stables, where they were milked. The milk was sent in all directions in bottles. many bottles having to travel by rail. I took a bottle, and arranged for a donkey and its foal to be sent to me by train the next day. The price of the donkey was five guineas, "the price being lower than usual in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent." I failed to see the extraordinary connection implied in this remark; but it was satisfactorily explained, that, in consequence of that royal personage's decease, many of Mrs. Dawkins' aristocratic patrons were not in town. Her claim to be purveyor of asses' milk to the Royal Family was perfectly well-founded; and so also was that old lady's at Malvern who announced herself to be sausage-maker to her Royal Highness the Once a Week.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXAMINATION THAT ENDS WITH A LAUGH.

For some time, the two walked silently side by side. Eric was dissatisfied with himself; he lived too exclusively in himself, and in the longing to arrange everything according to his own mental laws, and to express each truth in the most comprehensive way, throwing himself into it in the excitement of the moment with perfect freedom and naiveté, yet not unconscious of his intellectual riches.

Hence the hearers felt that what he said was not only inopportune, but was presented with a sort of zealous importunity. Eric acknowledged this and was conscious of it immediately afterward, when he had divested himself of himself; yet he was continually making the same mistake, which caused him to appear in an ambiguous light, and as if he were out of his appropriate place. Eric had a sort of clairvoyant perception how all this was affecting Sonnenkamp, but be could not discern the peculiar triumph that it afforded him over the visionary, as he smiled to himself at the green youth who served up such freshly-cooked dishes of sophomoric learning. He knows what it is, he has passed through it all. People settle themselves down there in the little university-town, and coming in contact with no one else, they live in a fantastic world of humanity, and appear to themselves to be personages of the greatest consequence, whom an ungrateful lack of appreciation hinders from manifesting their efficiency in actual life. And this captain-doctor now before him had only a small company of ideas under his command.

Sonnenkamp whistled to himself, — whistled so low that nobody but himself could hear the tune; he even knew how to set his lips so that nobody perceived him to be

whistling.

He placed himself in a chair on a little eminence, and showed Eric also a seat.

"You must have noticed," he said at last, "that Fräulein Perini is a very strict Catholic, and all our household belong to the Church; may I ask, then, why you rang the changes so loudly upon your Huguenot descent?"

"Because I wish to show my colors, and nail them to the mast; for no one must ever take me for what I am not."

Sonnenkamp was silent for some time, and then he said, leaning back in his seat, —

"I am master in this house, and I tell you that your confession shall be no hindrance. But now"—he bent himself down, putting both hands on his knees and looking straight at Eric—"but now—I came very near falling from my horse to-day, which has never happened to me before, because I was deeply engaged, while riding, in reflection upon what you said to me—in brief—the main point of our conversation. How do you think that a boy who is to engage in no business and who is to come into possession of a million—or rather say, of millions—how do you think that such a boy is to be educated?"

"I can give a precise answer to that

question."

"Can you? I am listening."

"The answer is simple. He cannot be educated at all."

"What! not at all?"

"That is what I affirm. The great mysterious Destiny alone can educate him. All that we can do is, to work with him, and to help him rule over and apply whatever

strength he has."

"To rule over and to apply," Sonnen-kamp murmured to himself; "that sounds well, and I must say that you confirm an impression which has often before this been made upon me. Only a soldier, only a man who has developed and trained his own inborn courageous energies, only such an one can accomplish any hing great in our time; nothing can be done by sermons and books, for they cannot overcome the old, nor create the new age."

In a changed, almost cringingly humble

tone, Sonnenkamp continued, -

"It may appear in the highest degree strange, that I, a man of little knowledge, who have not had time in the active business of life to learn anything rightly,—that I should seem to subject you to examination; but you must be convinced that I do it for my own instruction. I see, already, that I have even more to learn from you than Roland has.

"I pray you then to tell me what training —imagine yourself a father in my circumstances—what training you would give

your own son."

"I believe," Eric answered, "that fantasy can call up all sorts of pictures, but a relation which is one of the mysteries of nature can only be known through experience, and cannot be apprehended by any stretch of the imagination. Permit me then to answer from my own outside point of view."

" Very well."

"My father was the educator of a prince, | rich youth ought to have something like and I think his task was the easier one."

"You would then place wealth above

sovereignty?"

" Not at all; but in a prince the sense of duty is very early awakened. Not only pride but duty is a means, every moment, of inducing him to conduct himself as a prince. The formal assumption of state dignity, in which those in the highest rank are so accomplished, appears from a very early age as an essential feature of their position, as a duty, and becomes a second Taste becomes connoisseurship. Pardon my scholastic ways," Eric laughingly said, breaking in upon his exposition.

"Don't stop - to me it is in the highest

degree interesting."

Sonnenkamp leaned back in his seat, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of Eric's discourse, as if it were some choice tid-bit: very well for this man to go off into the regions of speculation, who in the meanwhile could not call his own the chair on which he sat, nor the spot of earth on which he stood, whilst he, Sonnenkamp, could proudly call his all that was around him, and could obtain possession, if he wished, of all that was within reach of his sight, and, as the keeper said, buy up the whole of the Rhine-

"Continue," he said, putting a fresh

eigar in his mouth.

"It may seem laughable," resumed Eric, "but it is certainly significant that a prince receives, in his very cradle, a military rank. When reason awakens in him, he sees his father always under the ordinance of duty. I do not at all deny that this duty often sits very lightly upon him, if it is not wholly neglected, but a certain appearance of duty must always be preserved. The son of a rich man, on the other hand, does not see the duty which wealth imposes placed so peremptorily before his eyes; he sees beneficence, utility, the fostering of art, hospitality, but all this not as duty, but as free personal inclination."

"You come round again to the obligation imposed by social civilization. I pray you, however, - you have a decided talent for instruction, I see that plainly; and I am at any rate thankful to Count

Clodwig and to you."

"A point for comparison occurs to me," Eric began anew.

"Go on," Sonnenkamp said, encourag-

"It was a custom, in the good old time, for German princes to learn some trade. Irrespective of all else, they learned how to understand and to esteem labor. The and hopefulness than this utterance."

this, without its being suffered to degenerate into a mere hollow ceremonial."

"Very suggestive," Sonnenkamp asserted. He had proposed to himself only to make inquiries of Eric, only to procure a new species of enjoyment by allowing a learned idealist to open his whole budget; he had taken especial satisfaction in the thought that Eric would do this for his enjoyment, and would reap no advantage from it himself; he also experienced a certain delight in being able for once to journey into the region of the ideal - it seemed a very pretty thing - but only for one hour, for one half-day; and now he was unexpec-tedly awakened to a lively interest. He placed his hand upon Eric's arm, and

"You are really a good teacher."

Eric continued, without remarking upon the compliment, -

"I set a very high value upon sovereignty; it is a great influence, and confers independence and self-possession."

"Yes, that is true. But do you know what is the most desirable thing, which money cannot buy?"

Eric shook his head, and Sonnenkamp

continued, -

"A trust in God! Look! a poor vinedresser was buried there day before yesterday. I would give half my property to purchase of him for the remainder of my life his trust in God. 'I could not believe what the physician said, but it was only the truth, that this vine-dresser, a real Lazarus covered with sores, in all his sufferings constantly said, 'My Saviour underwent yet severer pains, and God knows beforehand why he inflicts this upon me.' Now tell me if such a faith is not worth more than any millions of money? And I ask you now, do you feel yourself able to give this to my son, without making him a priest-rid-den slave, or a canting devotee?"

" I do not think that I can. But there is a blessedness to be obtained from the

depths of thought."

"Is there? and in what does it consist?" "According to my opinion, in the blissful consciousness of acting according to the measure of our strength, and in harmony with the well-being of our fellow-men."

"I think that if I, when a boy, had had an instructor after your stamp, it would have been happy for me," Sonnenkamp exclaimed, in a tone entirely different from before.

Eric replied, "Nothing that you could say to me would give me more confidence

were throwing away some object, indicated that something went wrong with Sonnenkamp. This continued conversation wearied him, for he was not used to it, and this sort of immediate balancing of the ledger wounded his pride. Eric never remained in his debt, and he himself had always the feeling that there was something for him to

For some time nothing was heard but the splashing of the fountain, and the gentle flowing of the Rhine, and at intervals the note of the nightingale singing unweariedly

in the thicket.

"Did you ever have a passion for play?" Sonnenkamp asked unexpectedly.

" No."

"Were you ever passionately in love? You look at me in astonishment, but I asked only because I should like to know what has made you so mature."

"Perhaps a careful and thorough training has given me that serious thoughtfulness which you are so kind as to call matu-

rity."

"Well, you are more than an educator." "I shall be glad if it is so, for I think that he who is to bring anything to pass must always be something more than what his immediate activity calls for."

Sonnenkamp again made a wry face, and once more jerked his hand as if throwing something away. This readiness always to return the blow, and this assured response, put him out of countenance

They heard Pranken and Fräulein Perini walking up and down in a side-walk.

"You must take care to stand in good relations with Fräulein Perini," Sonnenkamp said, as he rose; "for she is alsoshe is of some importance, and is not very easily fathomed, and she has one great advantage over most persons I know, -- she has that most valuable trait of never indulging in any whims."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot boast of any such trait, and I ask your pardon in

advance if I ever -"

"It is not necessary. But your friend, Pranken, understands very well how to be on good terms with Fräulein Perini.

Eric considered that truth demanded of him to inform Sonnenkamp that he had no right to call Pranken a friend of his. They were in the military school together, and acquainted in the garrison, but their ideas had never chimed together, and his own views in life had always been wholly different from those of a rich elder son; he acknowledged the kindness with which Pranken had facilitated his entrance into the fam- in.

A quick movement of the hand, as if he ily of Sonnenkamp, but the truth must be spoken in spite of all feelings of gratitude. Sonnenkamp again whistled inaudibly; he was evidently amazed at this courageous openness of mind, and the thought occurred to him that Eric was a subtle diplomatist, he himself considering it the chief peculiarity of diplomacy not to make any confession of being under obligation of any sort. This man must be either the noblest of enthusiasts or the shrewdest of worldlings,

Eric felt that this confession was untimely, but he could not anticipate that this communication would counteract the whole impression previously made upon Sonnen-

On meeting Pranken and Fräulein Perini. Sonnenkamp greeted the Baron in a very

friendly way, and took his arm.

Eric joined Fräulein Perini. She always carried some nice hand-work; with very small instruments and with a fine thread, she completed with surprising quickness a delicate piece of lace-work. It was the first time that Eric had spoken with her, and he expressed his great admiration for her pretty, delicate work. But immediately it was fixed as firmly as if there had been a written covenant between them, - We shall avoid each other as much as possible, and if we are placed in the same circle, we shall conduct ourselves just as if there were no such persons in the world.

In contrast with the clear, full tone of Eric, Fräulein Perini always spoke in a somewhat husky voice; and when she perceived that Eric was surprised at hearing

her, she said, -

"I thank you for not asking me if I am not hoarse. You cannot imagine how tiresome it is to be obliged to reply, again and again, that I have always spoken so from

my childhood."

Eric gladly entered into this friendly mood, and related how troublesome it was to a friend of his, born on the 28th of February, to have the remark always made to him, It is fortunate for you that you were not born on the 29th, for then you would have had only one birth-day every four years. "He has now accustomed himself to say pleasantly, 'I was born on the 28th of February, and it is fortunate for me that I was not born on the 29th, for then I should have had only one birth-day every four years."

Fräulein Perini laughed heartily, and

Eric was obliged also to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" Sonnenkamp asked, drawing near. Laughing was the thing of all others that he most delighted

Fräulein Perini narrated the story of Eric's friend, and Sonnenkamp laughed too. The day continued after that serene and unruffled.

CHAPTER VIII.

EYES OPENED.

WHILE Eric was in the garden with Herr Sonnenkamp, Roland sat with Claus near the young dogs. The huntsman asked him whether all was settled with the captain, and seeing that he did not understand his meaning, he laughed to himself as he thought he might win a double re-

"What will you give me," he asked, "if I manage to have the captain stay with you as a companion and teacher? Whew!" he interrupted himself suddenly, "you look like a dog whose eyes are opened for the first time. Come, tell me — what will you give me?"

Roland could not answer; everything was giddy and confused in his thoughts, and the young dogs seemed to be whirling round and round.

Joseph came into the stable, and after representing Eric's parents as veritable

saints, he concluded, -

"You ought to be proud, Master Roland; the father educated the prince, and now the

son is to educate you."

"Open the shutters, quick!" cried Claus suddenly. Joseph did so, and the trainer took up one of the puppies, drew up its eyelids, and exclaimed, "There, that's enough to show me that this one's eyes are just opening. Now don't let any more light in, or they will be spoiled."

In his interest in the animals, Claus forgot his shrewd two-fold plan; he went with Roland and Joseph into the court, where Roland immediately left them. He saw his father and Eric sitting together, and felt angry with Eric for not telling him directly who he was. Soon overcoming this feeling, however, he would gladly have hastened to him and embraced him, but he restrained himself, and only approached when he heard the whole party laughing.

He pressed close to Eric confidingly, and his eyes said, "I thank you; I know who

you are."

Eric did not understand his glance, until Roland said.

"The others have had you long enough, now come with me.

He accompanied Eric to his room, and seemed to be waiting to talk with him, but joined in an exultant tone: Eric begged to be left alone; he was inex-

pressibly weary, and, like a heavy burden, there lay upon his spirit the consciousness that he who enters the service of others cannot live his own life; especially if he attaches to himself a faithful soul which he is to mould, sustain, and guide, he must never be weary, never say, "Now leave me to myself," but must be always ready, always expectant, always at the beck and call of others.

Roland was much troubled at Eric's look of fatigue; he could not suspect that he was extremely dissatisfied with himself. It was not merely the weariness after imparting extensive and various knowledge which often brings a sense of exhaustion, it was pure chagrin that he had allowed himself to be beguiled into drawing a plan of vast extent, and for what object? The educa-

tion of a single boy.

Eric's chief vexation was, however, that he was obliged to acknowledge himself still so undisciplined; he must become more self-restrained before he could give stability and right training to another. In this state of discontent he hardly heard the boy, who talked on about the wonderful opening of the dog's eyes, and kept asking him questions, and looking inquiringly in his face.

A servant entered, and announced that the carriages were ready for a drive.

Eric started. What sort of a life was this? To promenade in the garden, ride, drive, eat, amuse one's self. How could he guard and preserve his own inner life? How would it be possible to hold a young spirit to a definite course of constant selfdevelopment?

Eric's pride rose; he had not worked all his life for this, - exercised himself in earnest and strict renunciation for the sake of filling the intervals between driving and banqueting. The plan would be unbearable; he would have an arrangement which he could control and to which he could give the tone of his own mind.

He went into the court with Roland, and politely asked to be excused from the drive,

as he felt the necessity of being alone for a few hours.

This announcement was received by glances of various expression. Herr Sonnenkamp said quickly, that he laid no sort of constraint upon his guests: Pranken and Fräulein Perini exchanged looks in which there seemed to be a malicious pleasure in the harm that Eric had done himself by the wilfulness which led to a want of tact.

Roland said at once that he would like to stay at home with Eric, but Pranken re-

"Herr Dournay just wishes to be alone;

gentleman will just not be alone."

He uttered the word "gentleman" in a

peculiarly disagreeable tone.

The second carriage was sent away. Fräulein Perini, Pranken, and Roland entered the other; Sonnenkamp seated himself on the box; he was fond of managing four horses from the box-seat; four-in-hand was a great delight to him. This driving four-in-hand was generally taken for ostentation, but it was only a personal gratifica-

Frau Ceres also remained behind; she had already exerted herself to be social quite enough for that day.

Eric watched the party drive off, then re-

turned to his room.

He sat there alone in perfect quiet, more weary than it would have seemed possible to become in so short a time, but the day had been one of excitement, and full of a violent effort to make himself master over novel circumstances. How much he had been through! It seemed years since he looked over the Roman antiquities with Clodwig. During the day he had been obliged to turn over and over, and to unfold his own character and environment; he had tasted for the first time the humble bread of servitude, and the feeling, half of friendliness, half of ingratitude, the enigmatie in Sonnenkamp, in Roland, in Fräulein Perini, and Frau Ceres, seemed to him like the dim memory of a dream, like a faroff life, as his thoughts went home to his mother.

A profound home-sickness threatened to overcome him, but he shook it off resolutely. It must not be! His military training helped him; his orders were to stand at his post, keep a close watch, and

never to tire.

"Never to tire!" he said half aloud to himself, and the consciousness of youthful vigor supported him. He felt that on the next day he could meet the problems before him full of fresh courage; and one thought above all others strengthened him, and lightened his heart: be had remained faithful to the truth, and co should it alof mother-earth where the wreetling spirit is not to be conquered and thrown,

In the distance, from the railway station across the river, he now heard an idle locomotive blowing off steam. It snorted, shricked, and panted like a fabulous monster; and Eric thought, This engine has all day been drawing trains of cars in which hundreds of human beings had, for the time, been seated, and now it is resting in pieces upon the rock of actual existence;

if you stay with him, my dear Roland, the | and letting off its hot steam. He smiled as he thought that he himself was almost such a locomotive, and was now cooling himself, to be fired up anew on the mor-

> Suddenly he was waked from sleep; for he had slept without intending to do so. A servant announced that Frau Sonnenkamp wished to speak to him.

CHAPTER IX.

A TWILIGHT RIDDLE.

THE sun had set, but a golden haze enveloped valley, mountain and river, when Eric went with the servant, and from the corridor looked out over the distant prospect. He was conducted through several rooms. In the last, where a ground-glass hanging-lamp was lighted, he heard the

words, "I thank you,— be seated."

He saw Frau Ceres reclining on a divan, a large rocking-chair standing before her.

Eric sat down.

"I have remained at home on your account," Frau Ceres began; she had a feeble, timid voice, and it was evidently difficult for her to speak.

Eric was at a loss what to reply.

- Suddenly she sat upright, and asked, -"Are you acquainted with my daughter?" " No."
- "But you've been to the convent on the
- "Yes; I had a greeting to deliver from my mother to the Lady Superior - nothing farther."

"I believe you. I am not the cause of her becoming a nun-no, not I-do not think it," and reclining again on the pillow, Frau Ceres continued,-

"I warn you, captain, not to remain here with us. I have been informed of nothing - he has let me be informed of nothing but do not stay with us, if you can find any other employment in the world. What is your purpose in coming into this house?"

"Because I thought - until an hour ago I believed — that I could be a fitting guide to your son."

And now Eric gave utterance to his inmost feeling of unfitness for being another's guide, and yet he must confess that no other person could have a stronger inclination to be, only some other might perhaps take it more easily. He unfolded from the very depths of his soul the newly awakened longing to plunge into solitary meditation, and lamented that one builds up an ideal of life and of work only to have it shattered

world, was to blame.

"I am not learned - I don't understand you," Frau Ceres replied. "But you speak so beautifully - you have such good expressions - I should like always to hear you speak, even if I do not understand what you are saying. But you will not let him know anything about my having sent for you?"

"Him? Whom?" Eric wished to ask, but Frau Ceres raised herself up hastily, and

said,-

"He can be terrible — he is a dangerous man - no one knows it, no one would imagine it. He is a dangerous man! Do you like me too?"

Eric trembled. What did that mean?

"Ah! I do not know what I am saying,"

continued Frau Ceres.

"He is right—I am only half-witted. Why did I send for you? Yes, now I know. Tell me about your mother. Is she really a learned and noble lady? I was also a noble lady - yes, I was one indeed."

A fresh shiver passed over Eric. Is this half lethargic, half raving person really insane, and kept within bounds in society

only by the greatest care?

He had wished this very morning to write to his mother that he had come into fairyland,—the fairy land was yet more marvel-

lous than he had himself fancied.

Eric depicted with extreme precision, as far as a son could, the character of his mother; how she was always so very happy, because she was contriving how to make others happy. He described the death of his father, the death of his brother, and the greatness of soul with which his mother endured all this.

Frau Ceres sobbed; then she said sud-

denly,

"I thank you - I thank you!"

She extended her white hand to Eric,

and kept saying,-

"I thank you! With all his money he has not been able to make me know that I could weep once more. O, how much good it does me! Stay with us - stay with Roland. He cannot weep - say nothing to him - I also should like to have a mother. Stay with us. I shall never forget it of you — I thank you — now go — go — before he returns — go — good-night!"

Eric went back to his chamber. he had experienced seemed to him like a dream; the hidden element of mystery which seemed at Wolfsgarten to envelop the family of Sonnenkamp was more and more evi- himself appear untrustworthy?

but it was only unvanquished self-seeking, dent. Here were the strangest sorts of rid-for which his own thought, and not the dles. Roland, full of life and spirits, came to him; the brief separation had given both a new and joyful pleasure in meeting again; it was as great as if they had been sepa-

rated for years.

Roland asked Eric to tell him about the Huguenots; there had evidently been much talk about them during the drive. Eric put him off, saying that it was not necessary, at least not now, to dwell upon the horrible tortures which human beings inflicted upon one another on account of their religious belief.

Roland informed Eric that Herr von Pranken was going the next day to visit

Manna at the convent.

Eric was doubtful what he ought to do. If he were to forbid the boy's informing him of what he heard, he would scare away his confidingness, his perfect confidence; and yet it was disagreeable to himself to be informed of things which might not be intended for him to hear. He proposed to himself for the future, to request Sonnenkamp to say nothing in the hearing of the boy which he ought not to know. Eric was summoned once more to tea; Frau Ceres did not make her appearance.

Eric was this evening perplexed, and lost the feeling of untroubled security.

Should he tell Sonnenkamp that his wife had sent for him? But then he must inform him of what she had revealed to him, though it was only half uttered, - it was a warning, a speech wholly disjointed and incoherent.

Eric also saw Roland looking at him as if beseeching. The boy felt that some painful experience was going on in his new friend, which he would gladly remove. And to Eric's affection there was superadded the feeling of pity. Here was a manifestly distressing family relation under which the boy must have suffered, and it was a fortunate thing that his light, youth-

ful spirits were untouched.

Eric was reminded continually of an experience of his in the house of correction. The most hardened criminals had avowed always with the most triumphant mien, that it conferred the greatest satisfaction to them to be able to conceal their deeds from the world; but the least hardened disclosed, on the other hand, how glad they felt to be punished; for the fear of discovery, and the constant endeavour to conceal the crime, were the severest punishment.

Eric had now a secret; was he to let it be possible for a servant to betray him, and

When Eric was about to go to rest, Roland came to him and asked whether he had anything to impart to him.

Eric replied in the negative, and the boy appeared sad when he said good-night.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW DAY AND DARK QUESTIONS.

The morning dew glistened on grass, flower, and shrub, and the birds sang merrily, as Eric walked through the park. There was evidence everywhere of an ordering, busy, and watchful mind.

Eric heard, on the bank of the river, two women talking with each other, as they carried on shore the garden-earth out of

a boat.

"God be praised," said one, "who has sent the man to us; no one in the place who is willing to work need suffer poverty any more."

"Yes," spoke the other, "and yet there are people here who are so bad as to say all sorts of things about the man."

"What do they say?"

"That he has been a tailor."

Eric could hardly restrain himself from laughing aloud. But a third woman, with a rather thick voice, said, -

"A tailor indeed! He has been a pirate, and in Africa stole a gold-ship."
"And supposing he did," said the other,

"those man-eaters have heaps of gold, and are heathens beside, and Herr Sonnenkamp does nothing but good with his gold."

Eric could not help smiling at these strange tales and implications; and it was also painful to him that great wealth always stirred up new and calumnious reports.

He went on farther. He saw from a height, with satisfaction, how the main building and all its dependencies, with park and garden, were combined in a beautiful harmony. Near the main building there were only trees of a dark foliage, lindens, elms, and maples, which brought out, by contrast, so much the more brightly the brilliant architecture of the house built in a good Renaissance style. The arbored walks converged gradually, as if conducting to the solidly-built mansion, which seemed not to be built upon the ground, but as if it had sprung up from the soil with the scenery that surrounded it; the stone colonnades, the lawns, the trees, the elevations, all were an introduction to the house; all was in harmony. The verandas appeared to be only bearers of the climbing plants, and the whole was a masterpiece of rural architecture, a work of natural poetry according

man's handiwork seemed as fresh as if it had just come out of the builder's hand, and in such perfect preservation, that one perceived that each tree, each leaf, each lattice, was owned and carefully cherished by a wealthy man.

Eric, however, was not to be long alone; the valet, Joseph, joined him, and with a pleasing deference offered to inform Eric concerning everything in the household.

As Eric was silent, Joseph related once more that he had been a billiard-boy at the University, Henry the thirty-second, for all the boys must be called Henry. Then he had been a waiter in the Berne Hotel at Berne, where Sonnenkamp had boarded for almost two summers long, occupying the whole first floor - the best rooms in the world, as Joseph called them - and had learned to know him, and taken him into his service. Joseph gave rather a humorous account of the corps of servants in the household, that it was a sort of menagerie gathered from all countries. As in a poultry yard there are all sorts of fowls, and even the peacock is not wanting, which shricks so horribly and looks so beautifully, so it was with the people here, for Herr Sonnenkamp had travelled all over the world. The coachman was an Englishman, the first groom a Pole, the cook a Frenchman, the first chamber-maid a thoroughgoing Bohemian, and Fräulein Perini an Italian Frenchwoman of Nice. The master was, however, very strict; the gardeners must not smoke in the park, nor the grooms whistle in the stable, for all the horses were accustomed to the whistle of the master, and must not be disturbed. And moreover, Herr Sonnenkamp would rather not have his servants look like servants, or have any peculiar dress of servants, and it was only a short time ago that he had given in to his wife, and dressed a few of them in livery. The servants were allowed to speak only a few words, and there were particular words which Herr Sonnenkamp used to each of them, and which each used in answering, and so all were kept in good order.

Joseph related in conclusion, not without self-satisfaction, that he had spread abroad in the servants' room the fame of Eric's parents; it was a good thing for people to know where a man came from, for then they had a much greater respect. But that Madame Perini was the special mistress in the household, and would continue to be; she was really a Fräulein, but the gracious Frau called her always Ma-

"The keeper is right," added Joseph. to the laws of pure art, so that all that was "Fräulein Perini is a woman with the strength of seven cats, and a marten into

the bargain."

Eric wished to hinder this revelation, but Joseph begged him to allow everything to be spoken out, and to pardon him as being a University acquaintance. He only added the information that Pranken was to marry the daughter of the house.

"Ah! that is a beauty! not exactly a beauty, but lovely and charming; formerly she was so frolicsome, no horse was too wild for her, no storm on the Rhine too violent; she hunted like a poacher, but now

she is only sad — always sad — vilely sad."

Eric was glad when the gossiping youth suddenly drew out his watch, and said: —

"In one minute the master gets up, and then I must be near him. He is a man always up to time," he added as he went

away.

Like confused echoes which gradually mingle into one sound, Eric thought upon all that he had now heard about the daughter of the house. And was not this the girl with wings, who had met him the day Involbefore yesterday in the convent? untarily standing still, and staring at a hedge, a whole life-picture presented itself to his mind. Here is a child sent to the convent, removed from all the world, from all intercourse with people; she is taken out of the convent, and they say to her: "Thou art the Baroness Pranken!" and she is happy with the handsome and brilliant man, and all the dazzling splendor of the world is showered upon her through him. It seems as if he had called it all into being, and this without knowing what kind of a man her husband is, -it will be indeed a good thing for her not to know.

He shook his head. What was the little

cloister-plant to him?

Eric saw nothing more of the gorgeous beauty of the garden; he hastened out of it with his eyes fixed upon the ground, wandered through the park, and just as he came out of a copse of trees by the pond, Sonnenkamp met him. He had a foreign look in his short gray plush-jacket fastened with cord, and was especially glad to find Eric already up, proposing to himself to show him the house and grounds.

He directed his attention first to a large tuft of prairie-grass; he smiled as Eric imagined a stampede of buffaloes, and he made a peculiar motion of throwing, in describing how he had caught many a one with

the lasso.

Then he led Eric to an elevation set out with beautiful plane-trees, which he species, which he mingled together not in pointed out as the very crown of the whole place. He prided himself very much upon gradation of colors, such as we see in nature.

these fair and flourishing trees, adding that in such a tract as the wine-district, destitute of shade, a thickly shaded place was a thing to be taken into consideration against a hot

day of summer.

"You will perceive that I have gone beyond my own territory, in order to add to its beauty; above there upon the height is a group of trees, which I have kept in order and thinned out, laying out paths, and making new plantations, in order to get a picturesque view. I have built my house not to please the eyes of others, but where I could have the best prospect from it. The peasant's house yonder was built after a plan of my own, and I was very properly obliged to contribute a part of the cost. That plantation beyond is a screen to hide the glaring stone-quarry; and that pretty church spire above there in the mountainvillage,- that was built by me. I was very highly praised for doing it, and a great deal of flattering, pious incense was burned for me, but I can assure you that my sole motive in doing it was to gain a fine view. I am obliged to change the whole character of the region -- a very difficult job -- and here comes in the covetousness of people. Just see, a basket-maker builds him a house yonder, with a horribly steep roof covered with red tiles, that is a perpetual eye-sore to me; and I cannot reach the fellow. He wishes to sell the house to me for an extravagant price, but what can I do with it? He may just keep it, and accommodate himself to my arrangements."

There was a violent energy in Sonnen-kamp's manner of speaking, reminding Eric of an expression of Bella's, that the man was a conqueror; such an one has always something tyrannical in him, and desires to arrange and dispose everything in the world according to his own individual taste, or his own personal whims. The villages, the churches, the mountains, and the woods, were to him only points in the landscape, and they must all come into one favorite

angle of vision.

And now Herr Sonnenkamp conducted his guest through the park, and explained to him how he had arranged the grounds, and how through the disposition of elevations and depressions he had broken up the uniformity; but that in many cases he had only to bring out the natural advantages, and give them their right effect: he pointed out the careful disposition of light and shadow, and how he oftentimes set out a clump of trees, a little group of the same species, which he mingled together not in sharp and distinct contrast, but in regular gradation of colors, such as we see in nature.

way, when Eric, in order to show that he comprehended, replied, that a park must appear to be nature brought into a state of cultivation; and that the more one knows how to conceal the shaping hand and the disposing human genius, and allows all to appear as a spontaneous growth, so much the more is it in accordance with the pure laws of art.

A little brook, which came down from the mountain and emptied into the river, was made to wind about with such skill, that it kept disappearing and appearing again at unexpected points, saying by its murmur,

"Here I am.

In the disposition of resting-places, particularly good judgment was exhibited. Under a solitary weeping-ash that cast a perfectly circular shadow, a pretty seat was placed for a single person, and it seemed to say invitingly, "Here thou canst be alone!" The seat, however, was turned over, and leaned up against the tree.

"This is my daughter's favorite spot,"

Sonnenkamp said.

"And have you turned over the seat, so that no one may occupy it before your child returns?"

"No," Sonnenkamp replied, "that is entirely by chance, but you are right, so it

The two went on farther, but Eric hardly saw the beautiful, comfortable benches, and hardly listened while Sonnenkamp declared to him that he did not place these on the open path, but behind shrubbery, so that here was a solitude all ready made.

A table was placed under a beautiful maple, with two seats opposite one another. Sonnenkamp announced that this place was named the school; for here Roland at intervals received instruction. Eric rejoined that he never should teach sitting in the open air; it was natural to give instruction while walking, but regular, definite teaching, which demanded concentration of the mind, demanded also an enclosed space in which the voice would not be utterly lost.

Sonnenkamp had now a good opportunity to tell Eric what conclusion he had arrived at in regard to the matter in hand, but he was silent. As an artist takes delight in the criticisms of an intelligent observer, who unfolds to him concealed beauties which he was hardly aware of himself, so he took delight in perceiving how understandingly, and with how much gratification, Eric took note of the various improvements, and of the grouping of trees and shrubs.

They stood a long time before a group

Sonnenkamp smiled in a very friendly where the gloomy cedar was placed near the hardy fir, and the gentle morning breeze whispered in the foliage of the silver poplar, and caused the white leaves to glisten like little rippling waves upon the surface of a lake.

> Near a little pond with a fountain was a bower of roses, upon a gentle elevation, patterned according to a dream of Frau Ceres; and here Sonnenkamp remained

stationary, saying:

"That was at the time when I was still very happy here in our settlement, and when everything was still in a sound and

healthy condition."

Eric stopped, questionin whether he ought to tell Herr Sonnenkamp of yesterday's strange occurrence. Sonnenkamp said, accompanying his words with peculiar little puffs, as if he were lightly and carefully blowing a fire, -

"My wife often has strange whims; but if she is not contradicted she soon forgets

He appeared suddenly to remember that it was not necessary to say this, and added

with unusual haste,

"Now come, and I will show you my special vanity. But let me ask you one thing; does it not seem dreadful to you, who are a philosopher, that we must leave all this, that we know we must die; and while everything around continues to grow green and bloom, he who planted and acquired the means to plant is here no more, but moulders in the dust?"

"I should not have believed that you in-

dulged in such thoughts."

"You are right to answer so. You must not ask such questions, for no one knows their answer," said Sonnenkamp sharply and bitterly; "but one thing more. I wish Roland to understand rightly this creation of mine and to carry it on, for such a garden is not like a piece of sculpture, or any finished work of an artist; it is growing, and must be constantly renewed. And why should there not be granted us the certainty of transmitting to our posterity what we have conquered, created, or fashioned, without fear that strangers will at some time enter into possession and let all go to waste?"

"You believe," answered Eric, "that I know no answer to the first of your questions, and I must confess, that I do not

quite understand the second."

"Well, well, perhaps we will talk of it again — perhaps not," Sonnenkamp broke off. "But come now and let me show you my special pride."

From The Saturday Review.

COLONEL CHESNEY'S WATERLOO LEC-TURES.*

THE short duration of the Waterloo campaign, the simplicity of its strategy, and the decisive nature of its results, have caused its history to be adopted at the Staff College as a rudimental lesson in the study of military art. Colonel Chesney, who, until promoted to a superior rank, was the Professor of this subject at that Institution, has published to the world the lectures which he there delivered to the students. In their compilation he has consulted all the authorities on the subject, French, German, and English, and has produced a work of great value to the future historian and to the general reader. The work is extremely valuable, but as it bears everywhere the impress of the naked truth, it is intensely unflattering to the national vanity of both French and English. Romantic stories concerning the campaign, which have hitherto passed current with all the air of military authority, are ruthlessly dissected, the one-sided praise which has been indiscriminately heaped on Napoleon and Wellington by their own admirers is considerably modified, and the real importance of the Prussian intervention in the final action is fairly and honestly shown. Even well-informed Englishmen have been long accustomed to regard the campaign and battle of Waterloo as a trial of strength between the French and English armies, in which the latter was brilliantly successful, and was aided only in the very last few moments of the battle, and in the pursuit of the defeated enemy, by the soldiers of Blucher. The publication of the posthumous work of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy did something to shake this popular delusion, but still the idea is generally held, perhaps not quite with the assurance of faith, but still with all the obstinacy of superstition. Colonel Chesney has done a good service in completing the work of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy. He points out that, while histories of the battle written by Englishmen abound with such phrases as, "When night approached, the heads of the Prussian columns were seen advancing to share in the combat," or "The Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, continued the pursuit," in truth Blacher was on the ground at halfpast four (the battle only began at halfpast twelve), was hotly engaged with Na-

poleon's reserves three hours before dark, had brought 50,000 men into action at the time of Wellington's grand charge, which in England is often supposed alone to have won the battle, and lost 7,000 killed and wounded in the action. But it is not only the eccentricities of English accounts which Colonel Chesney exposes; as he truly remarks, "French historians in their accounts sin not merely by omission, but by wilful repetition of error from book to book, long after the truth has been given to the world. In the French accounts of the Waterloo campaign, which are almost all apologies for defeat, it is only natural that these errors should abound. They have for the most part been frequently denounced, but have seldom been so coolly taken to pieces and placed aside as in the elaborate and incisive criticisms, and calm comparisons of testimony, to which Colonel Chesney exposes them. It is a great advantage that he has done so to our students of military history. Englishmen as a rule are very deficient in knowledge of foreign tongues. French is almost the only Continental language with which the majority of our officers are acquainted. As a consequence, French military histories, which are nearly always fallacious, have been followed almost implicitly as guides to the investigations of any campaigns except those in which British troops have borne a share, while the more accurate and careful histories in German have been regarded almost as sealed books. Where British troops have been engaged, our national vanity and insular self-conceit have generally led us to follow servilely any account which might be hastily published to exhibit to an admiring country the glorious actions of its heroes.

In the Waterloo campaign the pictorial incidents of the concluding action have been so much dwelt upon that the strategy which led up to the final event has been almost disregarded. Colonel Chesney has devoted his lectures almost entirely to the strategical operations, and has only cast a passing glance upon the less important tactical evolutions. In justification of this course he truly says: -

Never in the whole of military history was the tactical value of the troops more entirely subordinate to the strategical operations. He knows not what the battle of Waterloo was who views in it merely the shock of two great armies. English and French, continued through a fierce day's fighting, until the superior endurance of the British line shatters, and finally overthrows, * Waterloo Lectures: a Study of the Campaign of 1815. By Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Chesney, R.E., late Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. London: Longmans & Co. 1808. their exhausted enemy. The eye that sees this in it and sees no more, forgetful of the long

Germans, with clenched teeth and straining limbs, forcing their guns through mire and over obstructions, the fierce old chieftain who is seen wherever his encouragement is needed, and everywhere is greeted as their "father" by those he urges on, the cool and disciplined staff who are preparing to make the most decisive use of the coming masses in the assault on their hated enemy, does not only monstrous injustice to Blucher and his army, but robs Wellington of his due. For Wellington regarded not the matter thus. He knew and looked for the approaching army of his ally as part of the fight; he watched from early afternoon the lessening pressure which told that Napoleon was forced to draw away his reserves from the main battle; above all, he had prepared in concert with the old Prince Marshal this fatal stroke of war, and not to understand or ignore this is to miss the real design with which the fight was joined.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, he found the French army reduced in numbers, but he was able to collect 198,000 available soldiers by the time of the opening of the campaign. These were not conscripts such as had fought in the wars of 1813 and 1814; they were veterans who at the peace had been returned from foreign prisons, and were animated by a deep hatred of the nations by whom they had been confined. Of these 198,000 men he was able to place about 128,000 on the Belgian frontier, whence from the cover of his fortresses he intended to fall suddenly by the 15th of June on the British and Prussian armies which occupied Belgium. These were not, however, Napoleon's only enemies or possible antagonists. An Austrian army under the Archduke Charles was being collected on the Rhine, another Austrian army, set free by the death of Murat, was preparing to cross the Alps, and from the side of Italy force the war into France. The Spaniards were preparing an invasion behind the shelter of the Pyrenees, while Russia was assembling over 200,000 men to support the Austrians on the Rhine. None were so near or well prepared as the British and the Prussians; the former held a heterogeneous mass of 106,000 men, the latter 117,-000 in Belgium. Napoleon hoped to fall upon these, and defeat and scatter them before their allies could arrive to their assistance. On the 13th and 14th of June Napoleon concentrated his forces near the Belgian frontier and prepared to cross at daybreak on the 15th. Intelligence of his concentration reached the Allied head-quarters on the 14th. Blucher issued orders for a general concentration of his troops towards the road which leads from the frontier by Ligny to Brussels. Wellington, fear- of his operations through Namur, and cast

the French flank, the sturdy legions of North | ful of a ruse, and expectant that he might be attacked on the right to cut him off from his communications with the sea, did not alter his position until the enemy more ex-

posed his intentions.

On the 15th Napoleon passed the greater bulk of his army across the Sambre, but failed, by want of proper arrangements for their passage, to get all his troops on the northern bank by that evening. He began his movements along the two roads which lead, the one by Bry, the other by Quatre Bras, to Brussels. Along the former he pushed back the Prussian outposts as far as Fleurus. Blucher urged his corps to concentrate in the direction of Fleurus, and that evening had one corps on the ground where he intended to fight, and two more near it. Wellington ordered a concentration near Mont St. Jean, which would have allowed Ney to occupy the important strategical point of Quatre Bras; but Ney, who com-manded Napoleon's column of the left, halted at Frasnes without pushing forward. On the 16th Napoleon, instead of pushing on boldly by both roads, allowed seven hours of daylight to pass without action, during which three-fourths of the Prussian army were collected to oppose him at Ligny. No orders were given to Ney to push on to Quatre Bras until so late that a sufficient force was assembled there by Wellington to repulse his attack and drive him back on Frasnes. Napoleon attacked Blucher at Ligny, and defeated him; but the battle was decided so late that the pursuit could not be followed up that night. A great error was made on the French side, by which the corps of D'Erlon, which could have turned the scale of early victory for either Ney or Napoleon, was kept wandering about between the two, and not brought into serious action at all during the day.

On the morning of the 17th, Napoleon, instead of pursuing the Prussians hotly and forcing them away from the British, spent the morning in reviewing his troops. It was not till late in the afternoon that he despatched Grouchy to follow them, and then was under the impression that they had retreated to Liege instead of along the line which Blucher had actually adopted to Wavre. This movement of Blucher's was one which has never been equalled, and it was not at all unnatural to suppose that Napoleon should have been deceived by it. Colonel Chesney omits to notice that Blucher, in order to remain near his ally, and in order to bear him aid in the attack upon him which was now imminent, sacrificed his direct line of communications with the base

himself, with a beaten army, in very wet tures, it might be that the criticism is alweather, into a country devoid of good most too elaborate, and the judicial investi-roads, encumbered with watercourses and gation of evidence too deep, for any audimarshes. This movement of Blucher's decided the campaign. It was hazardous, no still, he had disputed ground to travel doubt - so hazardous that Napoleon did over, and he has certainly striven successnot imagine it would be attempted; if it fully to present every detail clearly and had miscarried it would have been loudly condemned; but it proved right, as most hazardous movements do in war, where, as a rule, much more is lost by timidity than by temerity. We have never seen, in any account of the campaign, sufficient importance attributed to Blucher's choice of his line of retreat. The defeat of Blucher at Ligny severed his communication with Wellington, to whom the position of Quatre Bras was now no longer of importance, as its advantage was to cover the road which communicated between the two armies. Wellington, on the 17th, accordingly retreated towards Brussels to a point where he could cover the town, and sent to Blu-Waterloo provided the Prussians could help by detaching two corps against the flank of his assailant. Blucher replied that he would come to help the British, not only with two corps but with his whole army. Napoleon, on the night of the 17th, took up a position in front of Wellington's line at Waterloo. On the morning of the 18th, instead of attacking the British position at the first blush of day, in order to defeat Wellington before the Prussians could help him, he waited till after midday. The attack was sustained with difficulty for some hours, but about half-past four the Prussian columns appeared on the French flank. Blucher, leaving a detachment to hold Grouchy in check, had arrived. The Prussians pressed on, and took the pressure off the wearied British. After a time Wellington was able to advance, and the French began to retreat. The retreat was quickly turned into a rout, mainly by the effect of the Prussian artillery, which had gained a position whence it commanded the road to the Sambre, and smote mercilessly on the flank of the retreating columns. This was the culminating triumph of the strategy of the Waterloo campaign; and the triumph was, if not mainly due to Blucher, certainly due to him equally with Wellington.

Colonel Chesney has shown this, and the array of evidence and research which he displays will fully bear out his demonstration. He has demolished many theories and many traditions, both French and English. But he has conscientiously and impartially performed his duty. If any exception could be taken to the Waterloo Lec-has once been obtained, novelty is of very

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gation of evidence too deep, for any audience to which lectures could be addressed; truthfully. The Staff College may certainly be congratulated that such honest inquirers and brilliant writers as Colonel Chesney and his predecessor, Colonel Hamley, have filled its chair of history, and pointed out the line for their successors to pursue.

From The Spectator.

THE TYRANNY OF UPHOLSTERY.

THE tyranny of fashion in dress is no doubt very absurd, but it is not half so absurd as the tyranny of fashion in upholstery. There is some sort of reason for the one, but there is none at all for the other. cher to say that he would stand to fight at Female fashions, in particular, are ultimately regulated by artists of more or less ingenuity and knowledge, the process of establishing a new fashion being something of this kind. Designs are made, in the first place, by designers in the pay of the great Parisian milliners, are tried on people of the demi-monde, who rather like to be conspicuous, are submitted, if they succeed, to the Empress and a few great ladies, and if approved are worn, and then, being puffed by milliners and described in fashion books; make the tour of Europe. They are very seldom, therefore, wholly devoid of taste or true principle, especially as to the combination of colours; and it is an open question whether "fashion" in dress does not preserve society from one of two disasters, - the wearing of outrageous garments by women sure to be imitated, or the general adoption of a costume pretty or ugly, which thenceforward would never beseriously changed. The unchangeable costume might be a pleasant one for family treasuries, but it would tend slightly to stereotype a society in which the most dangerous of temptations is towards stereotyping. It must never be forgotten that in Europe for a woman to be very conspicuous is either to be slightly immodest, or to be thought so, -either being a sound reason for a certain tameness in submitting to uniformity, - and to endure permanence and uniformity at once would ultimately extinguish the faculty of discrimination altogether. That argument can hardly, however, be pleaded in defence of the tyranny

condition of true art. Without permanence the outlay attendant on good designs and thorough workmanship cannot be incurred, and people who like "pretty things," but have short purses, are compelled to submit to the tender mercies of upholsterers, who have just three objects, to keep up the practice of setting up a drawing-room, to invent no furniture which requires individual work, and cannot, therefore, be turned out in thousands of specimens, and to change such designs as can be so turned out as often as possible. With these objects they are compelled to make war at once against solidity and originality, - a permanent war, in which, as they well know, they are battling for the prosperity as dear to them as life.

The very highly placed and the very rich often set them at defiance, the mania for new furniture seldom seizing a very old family; while the rich, whom it does seize, gratify it independently; but the upholsterers usually win their battle against the middle class, which has on such subjects neither originality nor nerve. They dare not even distribute their rooms as they like. There are thousands, tens of thousands of women in England, with from £300 to £3,000 a year, who persist in ruining good houses by devoting the best apartment, usually in London a lop-eared suite, - to a drawing-room filled with furniture they dislike and are afraid to break, but think it correct to have. They want one of the two rooms, it may be, very much to sit in, and let their children move about in - for a "living-room" in fact - but they think it necessary to their " position " to furnish both in a way which renders easy life impossible, and necessary to their purses to protect such furniture till, from the housemaid to the owner, it is a nuisance to all who come · in contact with it. A "parlour" in the old sense - that is, a light room filled with tables, chairs, and sofas to lounge on, all simple, all solid, and all meant to be used, would answer their ends exactly, and so would a library; but they cannot have either, because if they did, their cousins and visitors might by possibility think that arrangement unusual. Take, for example, the imbecility on which Mr. C. Eastlake, in his recent charming book upon "household taste," is so justifiably severe. Half the educated women in England recognize the beauty of the Turkey carpet, with its gently blended shades, its softness to the foot, its durability, and its curiously pleas-

minor consequence, and permanence is the by far the cheapest of all carpets in the long run, except, indeed, the beautiful hand-made fabrics now turned out in the factories of Mirzapore and the jails of the Punjab. These latter are absolutely perfect. Cashmerians having designed the patterns, while convicts dare not turn out any but thoroughly honest, painstaking work. They know also that a carpet has no business in dusty corners, under bookcases or chairs, in places where convenience as well as beauty requires either stained boards, or, better still, encaustic tiling; but they persist all the same in buying a Brussels carpet twice as big as they want, woven of a material which loses its freshness in two years, and of a pattern often glaring, and usually absurd. Who treads on flowers anywhere if he can help it? They can give no reason for not putting the carpets they acknowledge to be good in the drawingroom, except that "nobody does it," - the very reason why, if they want to make society as various in its external fittings as possible, they ought to choose and arrange furniture as they please. It is the same with their mirrors, and mantlepieces, and fireplaces. Why are mirrors in a climate like that of London always to have gilt borders, which seldom suit the paper, are often spotty, and never set off the glass? Why not? asks Mr. Eastlake: —"Let such mirrors be fitted in plain solid frames of wood, say three or four inches in width, enriched with delicate mouldings or incised ornament? If executed in oak, they may be left of their natural colour: if in the commoner kinds of wood; they can be ebonized (i.e., stained black), and further decorated with narrow gold stripes running transversely over the mouldings." Just because the upholsterers will not let them, putting on all such work a prohibitory price, and forbidding clever artizans to carry out private orders for themselves. Nothing is so costly as a piece of fancy furniture made to order, and nothing so reprehended by the average upholsterer as originality, except, indeed, solidity. Why should not a cabinet in a drawing-room be solid, even when it is not made of ebony and ivory, - which upholsterers permit, not because they admire graceful work, but because they love expense, - but why not also oak very slightly inlaid? Such a cabinet would outlive all the vulgar ormolu and marqueterie ever imitated from the designs

ant relation to furniture of almost any col- sterers, goes too far, we think, in the diour, and some of them are aware that it is rection of solidity and mediavalism; his labours, and he forgets that a sofa is not meant for sitting, but for lounging; but there is surely a medium between his proposals, suggested by sense of recoil, and the gimcrack rubbish now scattered about drawing-rooms. Then there is that patent absurdity, a bright grate. Ladies hate bright grates, because they are never bright; housemaids because they have to brighten them; men because they interfere with the ready lighting of fires; yet all three submit to a fashion as irreconcilable with taste as with convenience. A fireplace should be either dead-black, as iron would be after contact with coal, the ornament being heavy bas-reliefs; or it should not be of iron at all, but of fire-proof tiling, with a round vase for the coals in the centre, - a vase of bars, the cheapest, simplest, and hottest form of grate, which can be lighted when it is wanted, and not only when it is convenient to the servants that it should be cleaned. Under the influence of the same feeling, the fire-irons are brightened till they are conspicuous objects, and the coal-scuttle is made a kind of ornament, whereas fire-irons should be of black iron and dead brass, as invisible and useful as possible; and the coal-box should be a box, as Mr. Eastlake says, to keep a dirty though useful substance out of sight. We are inclined to think a coal-scuttle a surplusage, that the coal should be kept in a pit in the hearth, filled every morning before the fire is lighted; but if this is difficult, it is, at all events, easy to make the coal-scuttle unobtrusive and of such a shape that, while its contents cannot fall upon the floor, it shall, when filled, be as easy to carry as the old brass bucket, which, pace Mr. Eastlake, is among the worst articles of furniture ever devised by man. Rugs, if Turkey carpets were exclusively used, would be speedily pronounced an abomination, especially in small rooms, where they destroy the appearance of breadth; or restored to their original meaning as mats, to prevent wear in any place where the feet are constantly shifted. Short, broad mats of skin, - bearskin preferably, because it will not keep dirt and suits any colour, would answer every end. In fact, the true theory for arranging and furnishing a room of any kind is the same as the true theory for everything else, - bookbinding, for example, - to insist first of all that the end sought shall be attained, and seek for ornament chiefly through the perfection of the work.

But we shall be told it is useless for

bookcases, in particular, are architectural to act on these rules, or display originality, or try in any way to do as they like. cannot afford it. Mr. Eastlake is never tired of repeating that nothing is cheap that cannot be obtained in thousands, and it is true that if one buys this year a satisfactory set of china or glass or an excellent piece of furniture, it will two years hence be nearly or quite impossible to replace it except at excessive cost. The pattern will have been disused, as any woman may ascertain by the very simple test of trying to renew a broken smelling-bottle. month's search will not reveal a bottle which will fit, and the stopper, possibly valuable, must be sent to the manufacturer, to be detained a month or two and refitted at a cost six or eight times that of the original mould. The thirst for change not felt by the buyers is felt by the sellers, whose gains depend not upon the excellence of their goods but upon incessant alterations in their form, and the sellers are in some departments absolute. The only remedies for the purchaser are dogged obstinacy and self-will. Let every man or woman who is furnishing decide for himself or herself what he wants, arrange his rooms as he pleases, take no counsel except from artists and books and his own sense of convenience, snub every seller who ventures to mutter "They are not used now," and, above all, give time to the search for the precise thing he wants. In a few cases in London he will be beaten by the master evil of the place, the leasehold tenures, which forbid nearly every kind of solid improvement; but in the country his house, and in town his furniture, can be arranged his own way. With time and a little money anything can be accomplished, even the furnishing of a modern bouse so that it shall be a pleasant habitation, shall not require renewal more than once in a lifetime, and shall not bear the most distant resemblance to an upholsterer's showroom.

From The Pall Mall Gazette. AT THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

OFTEN as Vesuvius has been described, there is one set of impressions which are perhaps the most generally interesting of all, but which, from the nature of the case, cannot so frequently be recorded. I refer to the impressions of one who has stood upon the lip of the crater and looked down while an eruption is actually in progress. It is not always that a view of such a scene can be obtained. It was at a time when housekeepers of moderate means to attempt crash was following crash in a manner that

the suffocating steams and vapours were being driven to one side of the mountain by a strong wind, that we were able to go up from the windward side, stand upon the lip of the crater, look down into the roaring abyss, and see what the eruption of a vol-

cano looks like on the spot.

That is, in truth, the only way of getting an idea of what a repository of horrors a volcano is. Without such a visit Yesuvius is often a little disappointing. It is nothing but a fine mountain, just like any other, says Mendelssohn. You may be a little disappointed as you see Vesuvius from below. But you have only to mount to the summit when an eruption of any magnitude is in progress to find yourself in the presence of appalling phenomena both of sight and sound. Choose the last few hours of daylight for your ascent; and then, as the darkness closes round and the world below becomes hidden from your view, you stand at the crater in presence of a scene for which no language can be very extravagant. For experienced mountaineers the effort required for the ascent is nothing remarkable; but for ordinary people it is laborious enough.

You arrive at the edge of the crater, and there you behold a scene full of awe and majesty. The suddenness with which you come upon it is quite startling. Going up you neither see nor hear anything. One moment you are clambering up the side of the cone amid profound silence; the next moment, as your head rises above the crater lip, you encounter a roar and a blaze which make you shrink back a little. This surprise is occasioned, I suppose, by the formation of the crater. It is a huge bowl which comes up to quite a sharp lip, about half a mile in diameter and some hundred yards in depth. Towards the bottom of this bowl, on the opposite side to where we stood, was a great hole, from which all the projectiles of the eruption were shot; the surface of the bowl being composed of lumps of lava, stones, and cinders, all of them smeared with sulphur, precisely like those upon which we were standing. As you mount the cone there is between you and the gulf an enormous wall, which dulls everything alike - for eye and ear. Even while on the steeps of the cone itself you might be unaware that the mountain was disturbed. But a single from the most deathlike stillness to the minute: and then there is a cessation of

was quite sufficiently terrible, and when all levels, you have the deep brick red of stones that have been under the action of fire, the brightest vermilion, and 'every imaginable shade of orange and yellow that sulphur deposits are capable of taking. The ground is hot too; so hot, indeed, that you cannot keep your foot on the same spot for many seconds together. Between the chinks of the stones you can see that a few inches below the surface it is actually red hot. You thrust in the end of your stick for a moment and you pull it out charred. Over all the farther half of the crater there hangs a dense cloud of smoke and vapour; all around you there is an atmosphere of sulphur which sets you coughing; from numberless small holes about your feet there issue with a hiss suphurous jets of steam which nearly choke you as you pass over them; and then as you look down into the actual abyss you are face to face with the most appalling phenomena, both of sight and sound, which, perhaps, the whole of Europe has to offer. Among the crowd of strange sensations that are experienced at such a time the phenomena of sound are perhaps the most wonderful of What meets the ear is, if anything, even more terrific than what meets the eye. Even to sight the eruption is not just what the imagination paints it beforehand.. It does not consist, as the pictures necessarily lead one to suppose, of a continuous shower at all. Still less does it consist of a continuous shower of black ashes shot out from a fire blazing on the top of the mountain; it is rather a series of explosions. But the roar and glare of the great abyss are continuous. You look into the pit, and though you see no actual flame, yet its sides are in a state of constant incandescence; from the mouth of it there roars up incessantly a dense cloud of steam; and in the depths of it below you hear the noise of preparation for the outburst that is next to come. Then you hear a sharper crackle, and then without further warning follows a loud explosion, which shoots into the air a torrent of white-hot missiles of every shape and size. So enormous are the forces at work that not only small pieces of stone and sulphur, such as you might carry away as mementoes of your visit, but huge blocks of mineral, each enough to load a railway ballast wagon, and all in a state of perfectly white heat, are tossed up as though they were so many cricket balls. The exstep seems almost enough to transfer you plosion lasts, perhaps, no longer than a grandest exhibition of force it is possible some seconds with the noise only of interto conceive. Instead of the monotonous nal preparation once more, after which the dull black of congealed lava on the lower explosion is repeated. That was nothing

to the almost stupefying din that was going of the mountain. I saw no indication that on before us — moments when the daylight this ever took place. While you are on was over, and the world below could no the mountain, the streams of lava which longer be distinguished - when we had nothing but the clear starlight overhead, and were truly alone with the mountain; when the varied colouring of the ground had disappeared in the darkness, and nothing could be seen but the gleam of the burning earth through the chinks at our feet; while the white-hot, glaring ribbon of molten lava glided languidly down the mountain at our side, and before us was the flashing of the inner fire upon the cloud of vapour overhanging the abyss. Take all these together, and the scene is indeed rather different from what you picture to yourself as you calmly read in your newspaper that Vesuvius is once again in a state of erup-

I spoke just now of the stream of lava which glides down the mountain. In the first place, two peculiarities were observable in it. One was the marvellous slowness of its motion. In the early part of its descent the incline over which it had to pass was precipitous; yet so slowly did this mass of liquid fire move within its bed that its current was only just perceptible. It seemed to be only just in motion. Perhaps in some degree connected with the same cohesion which this languor of movement indicated, was the other peculiarity of the lava stream - the tenacity of its surface. In appearance, as we stood above it, it was in a perfectly liquid state; it looked as though you might ruffle its surface with the point of your stick. Great, accordingly, was our surprise at finding that even with the very greatest force available on the spot we could not make the slightest impression upon it. The largest masses of mineral that we could lift, we dashed down from above upon the burning stream; but they simply bounded across its face, like a ball upon a floor, without producing the faintest apparent indentation. Moreover, it is commonly supposed that lava is always projected from the crater, and the language commonly used in description encourages the idea. "A stream of lava was seen to issue from the crater" is the sort of phraseology with which one is most familiar in accounts of eruptions that took place in bygone days. I am not sure that this is ever strictly accurate; but with the crater in anything like its present form it hardly seems probable. It would that great bowl of half a mile diameter, which I suppose it would have to do before any of it would run over down the sides men strikes one as more daring than the at-

have issued forth and cooled at the several previous eruptions are quite distinguishable from each other by their differences of structure and colour. We saw many such; but I saw no indication of any one of them having come over the lip of the crater. In every single instance the source of the lava stream seemed to have been lower down the mountain. Certainly this was the case with the very fine one which burst out just before our visit. As we stood upon the lip of the crater it was below us throughout its whole length. The lava was issuing from a great fissure which it had made for itself some distance down in the side of the cone. The guides hurried us away from the neighbourhood of its source, because, they said, it was quite possible another orifice might open at any moment, and then. it would be all over with the present spec-The experience of these men tators. clearly led them to regard this as the normal mode of the emission of lava. In the case actually before us it was being poured forth evenly and continuously in a molten state from the fissure; it descended for a short distance, in a broad stream, to a point where a bifurcation took place, and then the burning mineral went down to the base of the mountain in two streams of perhaps twenty feet each in width, looking in the darkness like two broad ribbons of fire stretching down into the plain.

From The Daily News.

THE TUNNEL THROUGH MONT CENIS.

MEN flash their messages across mighty continents and beneath the bosom of the wide Atlantic; they weigh the distant planets, and analyze the sun and stars; they span Niagara with a railway bridge, and pierce the Alps with a railway tunnel; yet the poet of the age in which all these things are done or doing sings, "We men are a puny race." And, certainly, the great works which belong to man as a race can no more be held to evidence the importance of the individual man than the vast coral reefs and atolls of the Pacific can be held to evidence the working power of the individual coral polyp. But if man, standing alone, is weak, man working according to the law assigned to his race from the begintake a vast quantity of molten lava to fill ning - that is, in fellowship with his kind is, indeed, a being of power.

Perhaps no work ever undertaken by

Nature seems to have upreared these mighty barriers as if with the design of showing man how weak he is in her presence. Even the armies of Hannibal and Napoleon seemed all but powerless in the face of these vast natural fastnesses. Compelled to creep slowly and cautiously along the difficult and narrow ways which alone were open to them, decimated by the chilling blasts which swept the face of the rugged mountainrange, and dreading at every moment the pitiless swoop of the avalanche, the French and Carthaginian troops exhibited little of the pomp and dignity which we are apt to associate with the operations of warlike armies. Had the denizen of some other planet been able to watch their progress, he might, indeed, have said, "These men are a puny race." In this only, that they succeeded, did the troops of Hannibal and Napoleon assert the dignity of the human race. Grand as was the aspect of nature, and mean as was that of man during the progress of the contest, it was nature that was conquered - man that overcame. And now man has entered on a new conflict with nature in the gloomy fastnesses of the Alps. The barrier which he had scaled of old he has now undertaken to pierce. And the work - bold and daring as it seemed - is three parts finished.

The Mont Cenis tunnel was sanctioned by the Sardinian Government in 1857, and arrangements were made for fixing the perforating machinery in the years 1858 and But the work was not actually commenced until November, 1860. The tunnel, which will be fully seven and a half miles in length, was to be completed in twenty-five years. The entrance to the tunnel on the side of France is near the little village of Fourneau, and lies 3,946 feet above the level of the sea. The entrance on the side of Italy is in a deep valley at Bardonèche, and lies 4,380 feet above the sea-level. Thus there is a difference of level of 434 feet. But the tunnel will actually rise 445 feet above the level of the French end, attaining this height at a distance of about four miles from that extremity; in the remaining three and three-quarter miles there will be a fall of only ten feet, so that this part of the line will be practically level.

The rocks through which the excavations have been made have been for the most part very difficult to work. Those who imagine that the great mass of our mountainranges consists of such granite as is made

tempt to pierce the Alps with a tunnel. difficulties with which the engineers of this gigantic work have had to contend. large part of the rock consists of a crystallized calcareous schist, much broken and contorted; and through this rock run in every direction large masses of pure quartz. It will be conceived how difficult the work has been of piercing through so diversified a substance as this. The perforating machines are calculated to work best when the resistance is uniform; and it has often happened that the unequal resistance offered to the perforaters has resulted in injury to the chisels. But before the work of perforating began, enormous difficulties had to be contended with. It will be understood that, in a tunnel of such vast length, it was absolutely necessary that the perforating pro-cesses carried on from the two ends should be directed with the most perfect accuracy. It has often happened in short tunnels that a want of perfect coincidence has existed between the two halves of the work, and the tunnellers from one end have sometimes altogether failed to meet those from the other. But in a short tunnel this want of coincidence is not very important, because the two interior ends of the tunnellings cannot in any case be far removed from each other. But in the case of the Mont Cenis tunnel any inaccuracy in the direction of the two tunnellings would have been fatal to the success of the work, since when the two should meet it might be found that they were laterally separated by two or three hundred yards. Hence it was necessary before the work began to survey the intermediate country, so as to ascertain with the most perfect accuracy the bearings of one end of the tunnel from the other. "It was necessary," says the narrative of these initial labours, "to prepare accurate plans and sections for the determination of the levels, to fix the axis of the tunnel, and to 'set it out' on the mountain top; to erect observatories and guiding signals solid, substantial, and true." When we remember the nature of the passes over the Cenis, we can conceive the difficulty of setting out a line of this, sort over the Alpine range. The necessity of continually climbing over rocks, ravines, and precipices in passing from station to station involved difficulties which, great as they were, were as nothing when compared with the difficulties resulting from the bitter weather experienced on those rugged mountain-heights. The tempests which sweep the Alpine passes - the ever-recurring storms of rain, sleet, and driving snow, are trying to the ordinary traveller. It will be use of in our buildings, and is uniform in understood, therefore, how terribly they texture and hardness, greatly underrate the must have interfered with the delicate pro-

pened that for days together no work of any sort could be done owing to the impossibility of using levels and theodolites when exposed to the stormy weather and bitter cold of these lofty passes. At length, however, the work was completed, and that with such success that the greatest deviation from exactitude was less than a single foot for the whole length of seven and a half miles.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE PRESERVATION OF WINE.

M. DE LAPPARENT, the director of naval construction, has recently made a report to the French Minister of Marine, which deserves more than a passing notice. A special commission, under M. de Lapparent's presidency, was some time since named to investigate M. L. Pasteur's mode of preserving wine by heating it. The result is that its "decided efficacy" is said to be fully established, and the commissioners recommend that the system - which has been adopted by many large wine-dealers in France - should, as a preliminary trial, be applied to the wine shipped for the use of the navy. The Minister "has read the report with the liveliest interest," and has approved its recommendations, which are to be carried out.

The process is simply heating the wine to a temperature of from 52° to 55° centigrade (125° to 131° Fahrenheit), the lower temperature being for the finer qualities. apparatus employed is a modification by M. Brun, an engineer, of Perroy's machine for distilling fresh from sea water. The worm of the still is contained in a chamber called the refrigerator, which in the process of distillation is kept continually supplied with cold sea water; in the wine-heating process the chamber is filled with wine, which is retained there until raised to the desired temperature by the steam which passes through the worm. One of these machines will heat about 11,700 gallons in ten hours, at a cost of £1 3s. 6d.; about a penny for every forty gallons. It should be stated that in heating, about one-half per cent. of alcohol is lost, and must be subsequently added if the wine is to be maintained at its original strength. It was found difficult to determine the best material for the chamber; experiments were made for this purpose, and it resulted that the purest tin was the least objectionable, some wine which had been heated five times over in such an apparatus to a temperature of 149° Fahren- quality. It thus apparently remains to be

cesses involved in surveying. It often hap- | heit showing, on analysis, no traces of the metal. A brief statement of some of the experiments made on wines will illustrate the advantages which are claimed for M. Pasteur's process. A certain number of bottles of Côte d'Or of 1863 were subjected to the heating process in that year, an equal number of bottles from the same vineyard being allowed to remain in the natural state. In the month of March last samples of both were tested. The wine which had been heated was in perfect condition, while the other had a decided flavour of acidity, the special failing to which the principal Burgundies are apt to succumb. A drop examined in the microscope showed the parasite peculiar to vinous acidity. In M. Pasteur's laboratory the commissioners saw a loosely corked bottle, two-thirds empty, which had been first opened in June, 1865. The wine, of very ordinary quality, having cost originally only 45 centimes the litre (about 31d. a bottle) had acquired the colour of age but did not exhibit the slightest symptom of sourness or bitterness. It had been heated before bottling. Under the same circumstances an unheated wine would have turned to vinegar in a few days. The commissioners made an experiment of a very simple character for themselves. They removed the corks and two glasses of wine from two bottles, one of wine which they had seen heated, the other of unheated wine, and replaced the corks, preserving a communication with the outer air by the insertion of a bent glass tube, which ex-cluded dust. In three days a very obvious seum had formed upon the surface of the unheated wine. Microscopical examination proved it to be due to Mycoderma vini, which soon degenerated into Mycoderma aceti, and the wine became undrinkable. The other bottle was still "very drinkable" a considerable time afterwards, and showed no trace of acidity, although from prolonged contact with the air it had lost some of its strength and other qualities. A quantity of wine was heated, carefully casked, and sent a ten months' cruise in the Jean Bart. Some of the same wine, unheated, was shipped at the same time. At the end of the voyage the heated wine was in perfect condition, showing the colour peculiar to old wines, while the other, in consequence of an astringent flavour, turning to sourness, had to be consumed at once to avoid total loss.

It would seem that all these experiments were tried upon such wines as are usually supplied in large quantities to the French navy, and are of course not of a very high

be upon high-class costly wines. M. Rossignol, however, a large wine merchant at Orleans, says that since he has adopted the heating system all complaints from his customers have ceased. Another point is that the experiments have only extended over a brief period of years. Time alone can show whether the discovery will result in reducing their high prices. One result is ticle. proximate and perhaps inevitable. In all the trials it was found that the heated wines hitherto due to age alone. However plea- ject is fully treated.

proved what the effect of the process would sant this may be to M. Rossignol and other wine dealers, the new discovery cannot fail to press hard in this respect upon winedrinkers. One of their safeguards is broken down; occasional bottles may no longer spoil, as they do now in the best regulated cellars, but then the new wine that is put into old bottles will henceforth have all the appearance, and, it is to be feared, will be depriving old wines of their rarity, and so charged at the price, of the venerable ar-

M. Pasteur has published a considerable work, "Etudes sur le Vin" (Paris and soon assumed the pale and mellow tinge London, Baillière, 1866), in which the sub-

been only a hundred years since French fashionable people began to spend any time in the country, (Arthur Young speaks of the mode as just commencing, and he travelled in France shortly before the revolution,) everybody now goes early and stays late at their rural residence. Rural life in France, however, is not like rural life in England, Frenchmen's homes are not in the country. The rural residence is a retreat, a penance becoming annually more necessary in consequence of the expense of living in Paris. The rural residence is not merry with the boisterous mirth of neighbors. No table groans under the cheap luxuries of garden, orchard, pond, and field. No horses paw the gravel before the chateau's door, no dogs gambol on the withered grass, no troops of children are spending exuber-ant spirits around the house. The lord of the chateau, habited in old clothes, lounges in the billiard-room, tossing the balls against each other and smoking a pipe. His wife sits moodily in the drawing-room, her eyes fixed on her embroidery, her mind wandering to Paris, or counting the long and heavy hours which separate her from it. Children, they have none. Their only child, if a boy, is with his father, if a girl, is with her mother, and as listless as its parents. All superfluous expense is interdicted. The dinner is as plain as a country dinner can be. The wine drank is the ordinary wine of the place. If the chateau be in Normandy, cider, not wine, is served on the table. Bed is sought soon after dinner's close, and the pillow is dimpled with a "thank heaven, we are a day nearer Paris!" No interest is taken in neighborhood concerns. The poor are unvisited. There is no curiosity about the village library or school, Government forbids societies, lest under old clothes, harvest home, or some such lamblike association, the wolf, politics, might creep in. The Church, too, dreads such flocks.

To the Parisian, country life is retreat occupied with economical expedients. Truffled partridges, iced champagne, the box at the opera, fancy balls

COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE. Although it has at the Ministry of Marine, and Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and balls at the Tuileries are at this price—so courage! It will be January before the fashionable people come up to town. The Legitimist families of the Faubourg St. Germain remain in the country till after the 21st of January, to spend the anniversary of "the King's execution" (Louis XVI.) in their rural home, where they may celebrate mass for his soul's repose with as much pomp as they choose. A great many, and a constantly increasing number of wealthy families, do not spend a winter's day in They remain at their country seat till the temperature becomes disagreeably cold, and then they follow the swallows to some well sheltered nook on the French Mediterranean shore where winter never comes except in the almanac. There they stay till mid April. They catch mid Lent in Paris and spend all May here, which is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the capital's year.

Paris Correspondent N. Y. World.

Many of the cheap insignificant newspapers that circulate in small provincial towns and suburban districts, are partly, some of them wholly, printed in London. It is generally thought that this is a modern innovation, but Pulleyn, in his "Etymological Compendium," records the fact that, as early as 1750, a Leicester journal was printed in London, and sent down to Leicester for publication. He also relates that the editor, having a certain amount of space to fill up, had recourse to the Bible for "copy," there being at this time a great dearth of news. It was not until the country journalists had given "Genesis" and "Exodus" in weekly instalments that news came in sufficiently varied and interesting to render any further reprint of the Scriptures unnecessary "to help him out."

Gentleman's Magazine.

From The Sunday Magazine.
THE BLIND ORGANIST.

BY A CITY MAN,

SILENCE and solitude may be found in the desert and the bush; but there they are expected. Silence-and-solitude lovers of the haut gout class should taste them in a City side-street on a Saturday night. The narrow roadway, choked with waggons throughout the week, winds along as empty as a dry water-course. Instead of jostling, or being jostled into the gutter, and swinging round lamp-posts and side-posts, you have the whole little ledge of footpath to yourself. Manchester warehouses and piles of offices are as dark and voiceless as sealed pyramids. The squat tavern at the middle corner, whose plate-glassed luncheon-bar is thronged from twelve till two, recovers its old-fashioned look on Saturday night, and seems, indeed, to have become sceptical as to its raison d'être in that hive by day (except Sundays), but sepulchre by night (especially Saturday night), as it mopes customerless and with its gas half turned down. The only living creatures that you come across are, perhaps, a sauntering policeman trying doors and shutters and padlocked bars, and one or two old men and women feebly beating old mats outside the old church portals. Open, and with the cleaners' dim light or two inside, the dustybrown, pepper-and-salt, and grey-white old churches are the liveliest-looking buildings in the locality. They have woke up into semi-consciousness after their week-long trance. After all, it is a very flickering life they have recovered; but the oppressively busy places about them have gone to sleep until Monday morning, and so the old churches pluck up courage to remember the days when Wren built them because they were wanted.

Some years ago, on a moonlight Saturday night, I stopped at the open door of a church in a hushed City street. "Luther's Hymn" was pealing out into the quiet little thoroughfare through which no one fared except myself. There is fact in the old fables about the leading influences of music. Something in the way in which that fine old tune was played led me into the dark porch, and along the dim aisles, and up the moonflecked gallery-stairs, and so to a pew next the organ-loft. It was an island of brightness in the dusky old church. A broad slant of moonlight through a side-window burnished the heavy organ-case, with its swollen-cheeked cherubs and tarnished gilt pipes; shot with silvery tissue the faded folds of the curtains of the loft; and trans-

muted like an alchymist the greasy brass rods and rings from which they hung. in the very core of the brightness there were two faces, striking in themselves, but glorified by the light in which they gleamed. One was young and one was old, but there was a strong family likeness between the two, which - to make use of an oxymoron -the moonlight brought out with a soft vividness. A grey-haired, grey-bearded old man was playing the organ. He was blind; but he ran down the keys, lifted his long fingers from one keyboard to the other, pulled out and pushed in the stops, and placed his feet upon the pedals, with the deft certainty that is so startling in the blind; it seems as if unseen guardian-angels must be guiding them. With long curls that made a drooping glory about her head, a beautiful little girl, but with an expression of face that, perhaps, can best be described as "old-fashioned," sat on a hassock watch-ing the old man. He was the church organist, practising his next day's tunes, and she was his grand-daughter, at once his protégée and protectress. I got to know them afterwards (they lived in lodgings at Dalston. where the old man eked out the salary be had from the church with his earnings as a tuner of pianos), and at different times I learnt the old man's history. I remember enough of his turns of speech to put it into his own mouth with tolerable fidel-

"I lost my sight when I was ten years It was one Fifth of November night, and I was letting off fireworks with other boys on Hackney Downs. A jack-in-thebox wouldn't light, and, like a foolish lad, I kneeled down to blow the spark on the blue paper. All of a sudden it went off bang in my face, almost stifling me with the smoke. I didn't wonder at first that I couldn't see; but when two or three minutes had gone by, and still I couldn't see, and my eyes burned as if a red-hot poker was being bored into them, an awful fear came over me. I felt almost certain then that I should never see again. One of the boys led me home. It was so strange to have to be led - to go groping about as if I was playing at blindman's buff where I had been running along so full of fun just before. I heard the crackers going off, and the squibs banging, and the people rushing about and laughing and shouting;

and I felt angry.

slant of moonlight through a side-window burnished the heavy organ-case, with its swollen-cheeked cherubs and tarnished gilt pipes; shot with silvery tissue the faded work at some nursery gardens at Homérfolds of the curtains of the loft; and transiton, and mother used to send us to school

and take us to church, and keep the house younger than me) would get ahead of me father was very fond of me too. I was getting on at school, and he was fond of books, and so he was proud of me. When I went in, and mother heard what had happened, she gave a scream, and then she hugged me till I could hardly breathe, and then she fell a sobbing and saying, 'How ever shall I tell father?' Father came in whilst she was saying it, and at first he was quite savage with mother. I never heard him and people seem to be able to make it out. speak to her in that way before. ' He said that she had no business to let me go out; but poor mother called out, 'Oh, don't, don't! I do wish I hadn't; but then I thought it would pleasure the poor boy.' And then father said, kinder, 'Well, mother, don't cry like that - that won't mend it,' and went out to fetch a doctor. A doctor's young man came and bathed my eyes, and told me to get to bed and go to sleep. Father and mother got me into bed as if I had been a baby; but it wasn't so easy to go to sleep. My eyes burned as if I had two coals in my head, and I was thinking whether I should be able to see the daylight when it came.

"Next morning mother dressed me and fed me - it wasn't much breakfast I could eat - and put a shade over my eyes, and took me to a regular doctor in Mare Street. He said he wasn't much used to such cases, but would give mother a note to a clever eve-doctor in Finsbury Square. We went to this gentleman's half-a-dozen times and more, and he told mother what she was to get made up at the chemist's, but at last he said it was no use our going any more the nerve was quite destroyed. He was a kind Christian gentleman. He patted me on the head and said, 'You may be very happy, my poor little fellow, though you'll never see again till you open your eyes in heaven. Jesus will guide you there if you ask him, though he doesn't go about now giving sight to the blind. Try to be good, and make up your mind to be able to do comething well, though you can't see.'

" For a long time after that I did nothing but mope at home. I must have been a sad trial to poor mother, but she was always gentle with me, and wouldn't let the children cross me in anything. They were very kind, too, but they couldn't be expected to put up with my peevishness as she did. Father always had me by him, and made much of me when he was at home, and tried to get me to take an interest in cabbage-nets, and father was pleased when something, instead of sulking in a corner. he saw I wanted to do something, and got I soon learnt to find my way about. Father me some fruit-nets to do for his master. saw I was afraid that my brother (a year Sometimes I went out for a walk with Tom

respectable. I was poor mother's pet, and in learning, now I didn't go to school; so when Tom learnt his lessons in the evening father made him say them out loud, and I could soon learn them quicker than Tom with the book before him. Father read books to me, too; and, after he had guided my hand a bit, I could write without feeling where the paper ended. Of course I don't know how my writing looks, but I can write as easily, I expect, as if I had my eyes,

> "I always had an ear for music. Before I had my accident, I used to pick up tunes and play them on a whistle and the jew's-harp. The first birthday I was blind father gave me a little fiddle - at least he left it at home for mother to give me, that it might seem to come from her too. He had picked it up secondhand at a pawnshop, and it really was a famous little fiddle. That little fiddle first made me feel as if I could be quite bappy again. There was a man next door who taught me which finger I ought to use, but I seemed to know by nature how high up the string I ought to go. He had played the fiddle all his life, but he couldn't bring out as true notes, or keep as good time, as I could when I had been at it six weeks. Of course it's nothing to boast of, but it's something to be thankful for. God is very good, even when we poor creatures presume to think him unkind. I do know what I've lost in my eyes, but I've no wish now to have them back. I've got so used to being blind, that I should have to begin all over again if I could see. As the kind doctor said, I can wait for that till I open my eyes in heaven.

> "But I was talking about my little fiddle. I soon picked up all the tunes I heard in the street, and all I heard at church. fore I got my fiddle, I used to like to listen to the organ at church. People who had got eyes, I thought, couldn't enjoy that more than I did. But after I got my fiddle I didn't feel so sore about other people being better off than I was. I can't help thinking that it was a God's messenger. God has put-the music into things, and if He is good enough to give you the power to bring it out, you ought to be grateful instead of bragging. The miners don't make what they dig up.

> "I was ever so much better tempered after I had got my fiddle. I began to think whether I couldn't earn something to help father and mother. I knew how to net

and Sissy over Hackney Common, or on to | Shoreditch, because I knew those parts the Downs, or along Clapton, and down by the Lea Bridge Road. At first they used to tell me which way we were going, but I soon got to know almost as well as they did. Why, the bricks at the corners have notches in them, and some posts have rings; and some have rails, and some have spikes, and some have chains, and some haven't; and you can smell lilacs, and herrings, and such-like; and you get to under-stand voices, and how carts and 'buses rumble. I'm only timorous now when I cross the roads - though I needn't be, for my little Rosie would be run over twenty times herself before she'd let me be hurt. Besides, everybody is kind to blind people.

"From the time I turned eleven till I was about thirteen, I got quite contented at home, though I couldn't help wondering sometimes what would happen to me if father and mother were to die. They did die when I was thirteen, and Tom and Sissy too. Scarlet fever was very bad in Hackney; and they had it, and I had it. When I came to myself, they were all dead and buried, and I was in the workhouse. I knew I wasn't at home in a moment, because the room felt bigger. The man next door had saved my fiddle for me, and when I was safe to be spoke to he brought it to me, and when I'd given the bow one draw, I felt I wasn't quite alone in the world. But I broke down before I got through my first tune, it made me think so of poor father and mother, and Tom and little Sissy. When the workhouse master found I could play the fiddle, he told the parish gentlemen, and they thought I might make a living that way. So they rigged me out in a fresh suit of clothes (they'd burnt the ones I went in), and told me to come back if I couldn't get on, and then sent me out with my fiddle! They'd told the master to find me a bed somewhere, and he had spoken to a woman who lived down by the Triangle, who knew mother. The first morning I went out, I got her to let her little boy go with me to the churchyard, to take me to where father and mother and Tom and Sissy were buried. I felt all over them and the graves next about, that I might find my way back, and I stuck a bit of tile in father and mother's grave, and an oyster-shell in Tom and Sissy's, to make sure, and I've been back there many a time since then.

"I got on very well in Hackney at first. The people knew something about me, and always gave me pennies. But at last they got tired, and I had to work out to Kings-land and Stoke Newington, and up Stam-wife. How she came to marry a blind man

pretty well, and could get on if I asked once or twice where I was. But, after a bit, I had to go into parts where I'd never been when I could see, and that was puzzling at first, but I soon got used to it. I had to give up my bed in the Triangle, though, because it was so tiring to get back at night; but I always tried to have some little place that I could call my own. I've slept in lodging-houses - no, I was never in the Mint, but I've been in Wentworth Street. Sometimes I got a clean bed and heard clean talk, but mostly both were very No, I was never robbed - except once by a blind man. I had given him my money to count, and he walked off with it. But when the other lodgers found it out, though they laughed at first, they soon

made him give it back again.

"I always went to church or chapel three times a day on Sunday. I learnt ever so many tunes that way, but it wasn't that only that made me go, though from a boy I've always been fond of the organ. It takes you off your feet, and floats you along like a great sea. I never saw the sea, and never shall, but I always couple the sea and organ-playing together. Besides the mu-sic, I used to like to sit and rest in the churches; there is so much that is comforting to blind people in the Bible. In the evenings sometimes I used to give pennies to boys and girls to get them to read to me, but they didn't read as the ministers do, of course; and they used to weary of the Bible, and want to read me the police reports. I am well off now, for my little Rosie reads me the Bible by the hour together, besides the newspaper and all kinds of books; but I used to wish in old times that I had been taught to read for myself like the blind men on the bridges. I have sat down by them sometimes, and wondered that they did not seem to enjoy it more. could soon have picked it up, I think, but then I should have had to go into an institution, and I didn't like the thought of living on charity. I didn't reckon it charity getting money by playing the fiddle. If people gave me money, I gave them music; so it was a bargain. No, I never played in public-houses. I had the offer more than once, but I should have had to play tunes I didn't like, and to hear all kinds of bad language; and, besides, it seems a shame to play just to encourage people to get drunk. Music wasn't meant for that ..

ford Hill, or else along Hackney Road into I don't know (except that God sent her to

bless me), for she was five years younger | ions he had got amongst led him astray, than me, and had a good place, and was a and he ran off. From the time he was very beautiful woman. You seem to wonder how I know that, but I can tell what people look like by running my hand over their face. To touch hers was like playing. She had seen me at church, and took pity on me, I suppose, because I had nobody else to care for me. Anyhow, we were married, but she did not like me to go about fiddling, and so before we married I managed to learn basket-making at odd times. I could have made more by my fiddle sometimes, but she did clear starching, and so we managed to get on. We lived at Tottenham, and I never was so happy in my life. It would have been pleasant, after having been lonely so long, to have any one to care for me, but my poor dear Jane was as sweet-tempered as an angel. We had one boy, little Rosie's father, and both his mother and I doated on him. He was such a fine-spirited, handsome little fellow—I am afraid we spoiled him, poor lad. When he was six years old, his poor mother died. She had been sitting up with a sick neighbour of ours, and got her feet wet coming home. If it hadn't been for Jack, I am afraid that I should have been wicked enough to kill myself. I felt over again just as I did when I was struck blind. But there was little Jack to look after, and I soon grew ashamed of those wicked feelings. couldn't live in Tottenham any longer, though. Her grave in the churchyard was the only thing homelike, and I could go to that wherever I lived. I moved first to Highgate to be near, and little Jack and I used to walk over the meadows to Tottenham churchyard on Sunday afternoons. I had got work at Highgate, but after a bit I was obliged to give up basket-making. I had sent little Jack to a dame's school, and when I sat twisting the sticks in and out all by myself, without hearing Jane going about and stopping to talk to me as she used, I felt as if I should go mad. I hardly liked to take to fiddling again, because she hadn't liked it, but it wouldn't harm her now, I thought, and there didn't seem anything else I could do. If I didn't keep on moving about and playing, I felt so lonely that I was afraid of myself. Jack and I lived in one place and another; but, wherever we were, I tried to do the best I wherever we were, I tried to up the could for him; and paid the people we lived with extra to look after him when I All his money was gone, poor boy. The people of the house couldn't tell me anywas away. But I oughtn't to have left him people of the house couldn't tell me anyto himself so much. He got into scrapes, thing about him, except that he'd been with and when I came back, I hadn't the heart them for a month and more, and had seen to punish him. At last, the bad compan- me in the road, but was ashamed to speak

twelve, I never heard anything of him till he was dying. That was a sore trial to me, for I was very fond of my poor Jack, for his own sake, as well as his dear mother's.

"I was lonelier than ever for many a year after that - lonelier, that is, in one way; but I learned what was worth being lonely for, and that was to see that God was my friend, and that He'd taken my wife and child away to make me go to Him. Sometimes I went on basket-making, and I had picked up mat-making too, and now and then I did a bit of netting. But I went out playing at times. I learned the harp about five years after poor Jack went away, and a man that used to come to play the fiddle with me put me up to the way of tuning pianos, though it was no use to me then, because I hadn't any connection. I used to blow the bellows, too, for an organist on the other side of the water, and when he found that I had a taste for music, he taught me how to finger, and let me play a bit when he went to practice. He was very kind, and it was through him

I got my organ in the City.

"But now I have to tell you how I got my little Rosie. I had been playing the harp every Monday night for four or five weeks in the Old Kent Road, when one night up came a woman and asked me whether my name was John S-I said. 'Well, then,' she said, 'you must come with me, for your son wants you, and he's a-dyin'.' She led me out of the road, and round a corner or two, and up some stairs, and into a little room, and told me to sit down on the bed. Presently I heard my poor Jack say, 'Oh, father, I've come to no good, and I'm dying, and there's no one to look after my poor Rosie if you won't.' I didn't know who Rosie was till I felt a little curly head in my hands, and then a little wet face against mine. She took to me from the first, dear heart. Poor little thing, she'd been lying crying with her arms round her father's neck. I kissed her, and I kissed him, and I promised to take care of Rosie. Oh, how glad I was to get her! She seemed somehow to tie me on again to my poor boy and my dear wife. My Jack died about half-an-hour

he'd told the woman that I was his father, and sent her out to see if she could find people who have got their eyes to lose each other like that in London. The first winter I had my little pet, we were hard pushed. I had the rheumatism, and could neither work nor play. We should both have been obliged to go into the work-house, if it hadn't been for my good friend the organist. He found us out, after a bit, and took a great fancy to Rosie. Everybody does. There isn't a feature in her face like her grandmother's; and yet, when I run my hand over it, it plays just the same tune in another key. So my good friend helped us himself, and got others to help us; and, when I could go about again, he encouraged me to improve myself on the organ, and let me play for him on weekdays - and Sundays, too, sometimes - to give me nerve. And then, when there was a vacancy in the City, he spoke for me, and I was fortunate enough to please on my trial Sunday, and got the place. If God should spare me now to see my little Rosie settled well, I should be as happy as this earth can make me. He may be pleased to do it, for I'm hale and hearty yet; and then, perhaps, I shall be grumbling at having to give her up. She's all I've got, you know, to stand for wife and son, alive; and then she's such a darling me before I fall asleep."

to me. But, when he felt he was dying, herself. I've been able to put her to a very good school, and she is getting on nicely. She plays the piano very prettily alme. Rosie was too young to tell me anything; she didn't even know anything and that goes on getting better every year about her mother. I may have almost run it lives. It's a pity we don't copy after fiddles as we get old. In the winter evenings Rosie and I sit by the fire when she's done her lessons, and she reads so prettily, and talks so prettily, and plays so prettily, and is so fond of me, that it is like a little heaven below to a lonely old man; and, in the summer evenings, we walk about these parts where I used to go about fiddling when I was a boy. She says that she should have liked to go about with me then, as she does now. Sometimes we've a service in the middle of the week, and then we go into the City together; but, mostly, Saturday is the only week-day we go in. Rosie likes having the church all to ourselves and the organ. On Sundays we start directly after breakfast. We take dinner and tea at the pew-opener's. She is a very decent woman, and has got a neat little room looking into the churchyard. It's quieter on a Sunday even than we are here. And then we walk home in the evening, and have supper and a tune and prayers, and go to bed as happy as if she was Princess Royal and I was her father. When I'm playing out the congregation after evening service, I often think that, through God's goodness, my life is getting played out somehow the same way. I'm going home to rest, with music to soothe

M. SISMONDI, in his "Literature of the South of Europe," has given a version of one of the neatest of - shall we say fables or enigmas?of Yriarte; and it contains so much of good sense and of good counsel for editors, and literary men in general, that we venture to give Roscoe's version of it here in extenso - premising only that the speaker is a dancing bear who, in the exercise of his profession, happens to be laughed at by a monkey and praised by a pig. Bruin's remark is as follows:-

"When the sly monkey call'd me dunce, I entertained a slight misgiving; But, Pig, thy praise has proved at once That dancing will not earn my living.

"Then let each candidate for fame Rely upon this wholesome rule, Your work is bad if wise men blame, But worse if lauded by a fool."

The author of this jeu d'esprit, Don Thomas de Yriarte, who holds a very high position in Spanish literature, though little known in England, was a native of the Isle of Teneriffe, and died in 1791, at the age of little more than forty. In early life he became a place-man and a writer for the Spanish Government. He also published some comedies, and a volume of poems called "La Musica." He fell foul of the Inquisition, or rather the Inquisition fell foul of him, but he managed to escape its censures, or at all events its punishments. His name is best known by his "Fabulus Litterarias," which have been translated into French, German, and Portu-guese; he also made Spanish versions of Horace's "Art of Poetry," and of the four first books of Virgil's "Eneid." Gentleman's Magazine.

From The London Review.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PRIVATE
DIARY.*

This collection (arranged in chronological order, of course, but unfortunately wanting an index) of passages from the diary or note-book of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne will gratify a considerable amount of what is, in our opinion, quite legitimate curiosity. That Hawthorne's private life should have been really private was, of course, well; and that so shy and so quietly proud a man should, in his writings, give the world no hint of his private affairs was to be expected; but, in consequence chiefly of the very peculiar character of the writings of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," serious students of his books were, from time to time, tormented by accesses of curiosity about the man himself. Was he married or single? Was he, if married, happily married? Had he children? and, if so, what kind of beings were they? The elaborate finish of his writings was proof sufficient that he was not poor, in the strong sense of the word; and their purity was proof that their author had never had other than a pure and living soul; but their incessant, though timid and ostensibly only artistic touches of sacred scepticism (as though the man habitually lived in some sphere in which shadows were perpetually interfering with his vision of substances) compelled the reader to wonder what sort of life his had been from the first, How came perfect innocence to know so much, and to make such strange speculations? Of his manner of workmanship no literary workman could for a moment doubt - it is obviously an elaborating manner, in which a cell-idea is developed into a manycoloured, many-membered, though simple whole; and this the Note-books superabundantly confirm. 'As to the early life of Hawthorne, they say nothing, because they contain no retrospect. An extract given (in the preface) from "Our Old Home" shows, in a striking light, his own consciousness of what we pointed out in a former article upon his writings - namely, a want of direct speculative power: -

"These and other sketches, with which, in a somewhat rougher form than I have given them here, my journal was copiously filled, were intended for the side scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornment of a work of fiction, of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, and into which I ambitiously proposed to

convey more of various modes of truth than I could have grasped by a direct effort."

The extracts cover the space between 1835 and 1853; they include the Brook-Farm episode, and (though that is not mentioned in the preface) what will please those who recollect that beautiful piece of quiet humour, the Introduction to "The Scarlet Letter" - namely, Hawthorne's custom-house experiences. They include, we are told, "a time when the author had to struggle with difficulties before he became famous by the publication of 'The Scarlet Letter'; " but we find no trace in any part of the work of what most literary men would understand by the word "struggle." And a "struggle," in that sense, might well have damaged the tender bloom of a genius like Hawthorne's - never so well, described by any prose pen as by Lowell's most admirable verse: -

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare,

That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;

A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet.
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet,
'Tis as if a rough oak that for nges had stood,
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the
wood,

Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe, With a single anemone trembly and rathe; His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek, "That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a puritan Tieck; When Nature was shaping him, clay was not

granted

For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,

So, to fill out her model, a little she spared

From some finer-grained stuff for a woman pre-

pared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent

The volume appears to have been edited by Mrs. Hawthorne; at least, that is the reading we give to the occasional foot-notes

For making him fully and perfectly man."

signed "S. H."

To begin with, then, Hawthorne was married. He appears to have had very intelligent children—all, or some of them, full of poetic instinct. On one of these pages it is recorded that a little son of his said, "When I have grown up, I mean to be two men"—intending to say that he would be very strong. Again, taking up a handful of autumn-red maple-leaves, he cried, "Papa, here is a handful of fire!" And there are other touches of the same kind. Later on in the notes he makes a remark which only a happy husband could

^{*} Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Author of "Transformation," "Our Old Home," &c. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

have made, that a lighthouse was a fit with which we are so familiar, the germs place for a couple to spend their honeymoon or their first year in. We infer that tions jotted down by the author as the the house in which he dwelt when first married was the Old Manse, the neighbourhood of which he has made so dear to some of us, and, in any case, here is a picture, in his own words, of his earlier wedded days: -

" It is usually supposed that the cares of life come with matrimony; but I seem to have cast off all care, and live on with as much easy trust in Providence as Adam could possibly have felt before he had learned that there was a world beyond Paradise. My chief anxiety consists in watching the prosperity of my vegetables, in observing how they are affected by the rain or sunshine, in lamenting the blight of one squash and rejoicing at the luxurious growth of another. It is as if the original relation between man and nature were restored in my case, and as if I were to look exclusively to her for the support of my Eve and myself - to trust to her for food and clothing, and all things needful, with the full assurance that she would not fail me,"

"Even out of the midst of happiness I have sometimes sighed and groaned; for I love the sunshine, and the greenwoods, and the sparkling blue water; and it seems as if the picture of our inward bliss should be set in a beautiful frame of outward nature. As to the daily course of our life, I have written with pretty commendable diligence, averaging from two to four hours a day; and the result is seen in various magazines. I might have written more, if it had seemed worth while; but I was content to earn only so much gold as might suffice for our immediate wants, having prospect of official station and emolument which would do away with the necessity of writing for bread. Those prospects have not yet had their fulfilment; and we are well content to wait, because an office would inevitably remove us from our present happy home - at least from an outward home; for there is an inner one that will accompany us wherever we go. Meantime, the magazine people do not pay their debts! so that we taste some of the inconveniences of poverty. It is an annoyance, not a trouble.

" Every day I trudge through snow and slosh to the village, look into the post-office, and spend an hour at the reading-room; and then return home, generally without having spoken a word to a human being. . . . In the way of exercise I saw and split wood, and physically I never was in a better condition than now. This is chiefly owing, doubtless, to a satisfied heart, in aid of which comes the exercise above mentioned, and about a fair proportion of intellectual labour."

Here, then, the curiosity of the curious is satisfied. But there remain other sources number of those writings of Hawthorne long for quotation) the first sketch of "The

are to be found in these pages in suggesthoughts occurred to him. Here is the germ-idea of old Roger Chillingworth's later life: -

"To show the effect of gratified revenge. an instance, merely, suppose a woman sues her lover for breach of promise, and gets the money by instalments, through a long series of years. At last, when the miserable victim were utterly trodden down, the triumpher would have become a very devil of evil passions - they having overgrown his whole nature; so that a far greater evil would have come upon himself than on his victim."

Here is the germ of that wonderful tale, "The Birth-Mark ": -

"A person to be in the possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely."

On page 269 of the same volume we find the note "Pandora's box for a child's story:" and in another page, the sending to press of the "Tanglewood Tales" is noted. Here is the hint of the poison-breath of the girl in "Rappaccini's Daughter": -

" A story there passeth of an Indian king that sent unto Alexander a fair woman, fed with aconite and other poisons, with this intent complexionally to destroy him .- Sir T. Browne."

And on page 273 we have another hint towards the "Birth-Mark," though the close

"A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him for having aimed so highly and holily."

Here is "Earth's Holocaust": -

"A bonfire to be made of the gallows and of all symbols of evil."

On page 46, Vol. II. we find the original (too long to quote) of Priscilla in "The Blithedale Romance," though Hawthorne there reads her temperament en sens invers. Here is something which the readers of that romance will at once call to mind in another place : -

"Fourier states that, in the progress of the world, the ocean is to lose its saltness, and acquire the taste of a peculiarly flavoured lemon, ade."

of interest in these notes. Of a very great | On page 31 of the same volume we find (too

Procession of Life." But the examples of the kind which we have noted are far too numerous to be all reproduced, and we must pass on to another point or two. Take one or two passages illustrating the peculiar oscillating balance (if the phrase may be pardoned) of Hawthorne's mind in moral matters:

"A story to show how we are all wronged and wrongers, and avenge one another."

Again,—the italics are ours,—

"Query, in relation to the man's missing wife, how much desire and resolution of doing her duty by her husband can a wife retain while injuring him in what is deemed the most essential point ? "

Thackeray, when somebody blamed him for winding up "Esmond" as he did, answered, "I couldn't help it, ma'am; the characters all arranged it among themselves." following memorandum is interesting: -

"A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe comes which he strives in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate - he having made himself one of the personages,"

We will close our extracts with a few passages more intimate and personal in their character. Hawthorne, having visited his bachelor lodgings at Salem, makes the following entry: -

"Here I am, in my old chamber, where I produced those stupendous works of fiction which have since impressed the universe with wonderment and awe ! To this chamber, doubtless, in all succeeding ages, pilgrims will come to pay their tribute of reverence; they will put off their shoes at the threshold for fear of desecrating the tattered old carpets! 'There,' they will exclaim, 'is the very bed in which he slumbered, and where he was visited by those ethereal visions which he afterwards fixed for ever in glowing words! There is the washstand at which this exalted personage cleansed himself from the stains of earth, and rendered his outward man a fitting exponent of the pure soul within! There, in its mahogany frame, is the dressing-glass, which often reflected that noble brow, those hyacinthine locks, that mouth bright with smiles or tremulous with feeling, that flashing or melting eye, that - in short every item of the magnanimous face of this unexampled man! There is the pine table - there is the old flag-bottomed chair on which he sat, and at which he scribbled, during his agonies of inspiration! There is the old chest of drawers in which he kept what shirts a poor author may be supposed to have possessed! There is the closet in which was reposited his threadbare suit of esting books the year has seen.

black! There is the worn-out shoe-brush with which this polished writer polished his boots! There is —' but I believe this will be pretty much all, so here I close the catalogue."

The picture of the kind of life he lived after his marriage, when Mrs. Hawthorne was away on a visit, is very delightful: -

"I am afraid I shall be too busy washing my dishes to pay many visits. The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is), there would be less occasion to grumble; but no sooner is it done, than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal. However, I moralize deeply on this and other matters, and have discovered that all the trouble and affliction in the world come from the necessity of cleansing away our earthly stains.

"I ate the last morsel of bread yesterday, and congratulate myself on being now reduced to the fag-end of necessity. Nothing worse can happen, according to ordinary modes of thinking, than to want bread; but, like most afflictions, it is more in prospect than reality. I found one cracker in the tureen, and exulted over it as if it had been so much gold. However, I have sent a petition to Mrs. P --- stating my destitute condition, and imploring her succour; and till it arrive, I shall keep myself alive on herrings and apples, together with part of a pint of

milk, which I share with Leo."

In a very short time some ladies of the. neighbourhood bring him bread, and he is again well provisioned. There is a kind "Mrs. P.," who even takes him a plumpudding. Lastly we will quote an entry which vividly connects Hawthorne with the Old Country: -

" Memorials of the family of Hawthorne in the church of the village of Dundry, Somersetshire, England. The church is ancient and small, and has a prodigiously high tower of more modern date, being erected in the time of Edward IV. It serves as a land-mark for an amazing extent of country."

The character of Hawthorne, though in part disclosed to us by these notes, is not at present a fair subject for public analysis; but, in private, attentive readers will find ample matter for study in connection with the morale of his books. The editor and the publishers of these notes have laid us all, and especially men of letters, under an obligation; and we very cordially commend them as constituting one of the most inter-